# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 76. PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT No. 726 SANSOM ST. Philadelphia, Saturday, July 4, 1896. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 1


## A SUMMER DAY.

BY K. S. K.

Sunshine over the meadow lands,
Kissing the crimson clover,
And sunshine brimming the lily cups
That the yellow bees hung over.
Sunshine over the hazy hills
And over the dimpling river,
And I wished that the sun and the sweet, bright day
Might shine and last forever.

We walked down by the meadow path,
The broad highway forsaking.
The quiet of that secluded spot
Seemed better for our love making.
I was silent and she was shy,
As we walked down thro' the clover,
But we thought it the sweetest summer day
That ever the sun shone over.

I cannot tell what I said to her
As we followed the happy river,
But I remember the robins sang
Till the air was all a-quiver
With melody, and our hearts were glad
As we walked on together,
And thought the world was in perfect tune
In the glad, bright summer weather.

When we strayed up back the meadow path
Our hearts sang over and over,
"June is the handiest time o' the year
For bird, and for bloom, and lover."
And yet I know not the words she said,
Or if she answered, even;
But that summer day, I often think,
Was as sweet as a day in Heaven!

# OUT OF THE NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "HER MOTHER'S SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

THE birds sung in the trees, the fair sun shone, the hawthorn covered the hedges, the woodbine scented the air, and they walked on, never even hearing the myriad voices that called them to look from earth to heaven.

"I was so anxious to see you again," said Lord Vivianne. "I tried to forget you, but I could not."

"Why should you wish to forget me?" Doris asked, coquettishly.

"Some men would flatter you," he replied, "and tell you that you are so fair they dreaded to remember you. I tell you the honest truth. I heard something which made me wish that I had never seen you, or, that having seen you, I might forget you."

"What did you hear?" she asked.

"You can guess. I heard that—young, lovely as you are—someone had been wise enough and quick enough to win you."

She smiled a slow, cruel, peculiar smile, and when Lord Vivianne saw that expression on her face, he felt that his victory was won.

"They tell me," he continued, "that this fair beauty, which ought to have the world to do it homage, is to be shut up in the obscurity of a country home; that the fair girl, who might win the hearts of all men, has promised herself to a farmer. Is it true?"

Her eyes were raised to his, and in them there was a cold glitter, as of steel.

"Supposing that it is true, what then?" she asked.

"Then I regret, with my whole heart, having seen you, for I have met you too late."

And after that they walked in silence for some minutes. He gave the words full time to do their work; he saw that they were full of meaning to her, for her face flushed, and her eyes drooped. He continued in a lighter tone:—

"Pray do not think me very impertinent if I inquire whether that was your shepherd lover with whom I saw you yesterday?"

She raised her beautiful head proudly. Because he was her lover, no one should ridicule Earle. She might desert him, betray him, break his heart, but no one should utter one word against him—not one.

"That was my lover with whom you saw me," she said, in a cold, clear voice. "You have spoken of him as a farmer; he is not that. I should not have fallen in love with a farmer. He is a poet, and a gentleman."

"He looks like it," said my lord, seeing that he was altogether on the wrong track; "therefore I say how deeply I regret that I have met you too late. You can not surely, Miss Brace, be angry with me for saying that?"

"I am not angry at all," said Doris, and the beautiful eyes were raised frankly to his. "How can I be angry," she continued, "when you pay me the greatest compliments in your power?"

"This is the very place for lovers," said Lord Vivianne.

They had reached an open piece of moorland, where the shadows of the tall trees danced on the grass, and great sheets of bluebells contrasted with starry primroses. There was a bank where the wild thyme grew, sheltered by a tall linden tree. The birds seemed to have made their nests there, for the Summer air resounded with sweet song.

Lord Vivianne drew aside the drooping branch of a slender willow, that she might find a place to sit down.

"The very place for lovers," he repeated.

She looked at him with a smile.

"But we are not lovers," she said; "therefore it is not the place for us."

"False logic, fairest of ladies!" he replied; "there is no knowing how soon we may become lovers, though. I feel sure we did not meet for nothing."

"Can a girl have two lovers?" she asked, looking up at him with the frank eyes of an innocent child.

He laughed.

"That quite depends on the state of one's conscience," he replied, "and the elasticity of one's spirits. If two lovers are objectionable, the proper thing is to send one away."

"Which should be sent away?" she asked.

"I should say the one that is loved the least. Tell me, now, do you really love this country admirer of yours very much?"

"I do not understand why you ask me."

"Do you not? I will tell you. Because everything that interests you interests me; your pains and pleasures would soon be mine."

"I have no pains," she said, thoughtfully, "and no pleasures."

"Then yours must be a most dull and monotonous life. How can you, with so keen a capacity for enjoyment—how can you bear it?"

"I do not bear it very well," she replied, "I am always more or less bad-tempered."

He laughed again.

"You improve upon acquaintance, Miss Brace. You are the first lady whom I have heard plead guilty to bad temper. As a rule, women prefer to make themselves out to be angelic."

"I am very far from that," said Doris, frankly; nor am I naturally bad-tempered. It is because nothing in my life pleases or interests me."

"Not even your lover?" he said, bending over her and whispering the words.

She blushed under his keen gaze. Her words had betrayed more than she meant to betray.

Then he added:

"Would you like it changed—this dull life of yours—into one of fairy brightness?"

"I should; but it will not be possible. My fate in the future is fixed—nothing can alter it."

"Yes," he said, gently, "there is one thing that can alter it, and only one—your will and mine."

Then he seemed to think that for a time he had said enough. He looked over the trees, and began to talk to her about the flowers. Doris did not much care about that—she had not come out to listen to the praises of flowers; she would rather ten thousand times over that her lordly lover had praised herself.

While he was talking, she was thinking of many things. Was it a dream, or a reality, that she, Doris Brace, daughter of Mark and Patty Brace, was really talking to a lord, listening to his compliments; that he admired her quite as much as Earle did? It was more like a dream than a reality. He, who had been half over the world, who belonged to the highest society, who had seen and known the most beautiful women in England, to be talking to her so coolly, so kindly.

"I must be beautiful," thought the girl in her heart; "or he would never have noticed me."

Then she recalled his wandering thoughts. The sun was shining full upon them, and all its light seemed to be concentrated in a superb diamond that he wore on his left hand.

No matter where she looked, her eyes seemed to be drawn to that stone; the fire of it was dazzling.

Then her eyes wandered over the well-knit figure. What a difference dress made! Earle, in such garments as these, would look like a nobleman. Her attention was suddenly attracted.

"You do not answer me," he was saying.

She looked up at him.

"I beg your pardon," she said; "I was not really listening to you."

"I was telling you that I ought to have left the castle three days ago, but I was determined that I would not leave until I had seen you. I do not know how I can tear myself away."

Again she blushed crimson. Could it be possible that he had stayed purposely to see her?

"I should rather think that you stayed to enjoy a little more of Lady Estelle's society," she said.

"Lady Estelle," he repeated. "You do not suppose that any one could find any pleasure in that perfect icicle."

"Icicle! I should never give her that name. She seemed to me, on the contrary, almost sentimental."

"My dear Miss Brace," he said, "it is simply impossible that we can be speaking of the same lady. I assure you that Lady Estelle Hereford is known everywhere as the coldest and proudest of women. She has had many admirers, but I do not think she ever loved any one."

The girl's eyes were now fixed on him with perplexity and wonder.

"Never in love!" she repeated. "Why, she gave me a long lecture about love, and advised me never to marry without it. When she spoke of it her face quite changed, her eyes lost their indolent expression and filled with light. I thought she was the most romantic and sentimental lady I had ever met."

"I can only say that I believe it to be the first romantic idea of her life. She is cold, reserved, high-bred, and graceful, I admit; but as for sentiment, she has none of it."

"We have evidently seen her from different points of view," said Doris. "I wonder which is the correct one."

"I dislike contradicting a lady, but must state that I am likely to know her better than you. I have known her many years, and you have only met her once."

"Still, we differ considerably," said Doris.

"And you think it possible that I should remain for her sake? Of all the people in the world she interests me the least."

"She interests me most deeply. I thought of fire and ice, sun and snow, and all kinds of strange contradictions while I talked to her."

"It is for you I remained—never mind Lady Estelle. We will not waste the sunny hours of this lovely morning talking about her. You have not told me yet if you prefer this country admirer of yours to all the world; if you do, there remains for me nothing except to take up my hat and go. I know how useless it is even to attempt to win even one corner of a preoccupied heart."

"Why should you wish to win one corner of mine?" she asked, stealing from underneath her long lashes one sweet, subtle glance, that was like fire to him.

"Why?" he replied, passionately; "because I long to win your whole heart and soul; your whole love and affection for myself. I can not rest; I know no peace, no repose; I think of nothing but you. Why should I not win your heart if I can?"

She shrank back, trembling, blushing; the fire and passion of his words scared her.

"Your face haunts me; I see it wherever I gaze," he continued. "Your voice haunts me, I hear it in every sound. I would fain win you, if I can, for my own; but if you tell me that you love this country admirer of yours—this man to whom a perverse fate has bound you—if you tell me that, I will go, and I will never tease you again.

Then she knew that she held the balance of her life in her own hands, and that the whole of her future rested with herself.

Should she be true to Earle, say she loved him, and so lose the chance of winning this love from a lord, and resign herself to her quiet, dull, monotonous life? or should she cast him from her, and betray him?

"One word—only one word," whispered Lord Vivianne, bending his evil, handsome face over her.

"You think such a question can be answered in a minute," she said. "It is impossible. I can only say this, that I liked him better than any one else one short month ago."

He grasped her hand and held it tightly clasped in his own.

"You say that—you admit that much! Oh, Doris, the rest shall follow. I will not leave Downsbury until I have won the rest."

Then his eyes fell upon the diamond ring, shining and scintillating in the sun. A sudden thought struck him; he held her white hand in his own, and looked at it as he held it up to the light.

"How fine and transparent," he said. "I can see every vein. Such a hand ought to be covered with jewels."

She was of the same opinion herself. Then he drew off the diamond ring that shone like a flame on his own finger; he looked entreatingly at her.

"I wonder," he said, "if you will be angry? This was my mother's ring, and I prize it more than I do anything in the wide world. I am afraid. Promise me you will not be angry."

It was to say the least of it, a great stretch of imagination. Lord Charles Vi

vianne would never have troubled himself to have worn his mother's ring; but, even he, bold and adventurous as he was, thought some little preamble necessary before he offered her so valuable a gift.

"There is a strange, sad love-story connected with it," he said, "which I will tell you some day, but it is dear to me, because it was my mother's ring." Then he drew it from his finger.

"I should like to see how it looks on that pretty white hand of yours," he said, laughingly; and as he spoke, he drew the ring on her finger.

It shone and glanced like fire; the sunbeams seemed to concentrate themselves on it; and, certainly, the beautiful white hand looked the lovelier for the ring. He looked at it admirably.

"You were born to wear jewels," he said. "You ought never to be without them."

She laughed with the faintest tinge of bitterness.

"I do not see from whom I am to get them," she said.

"As my wife you could get them, and everything that your heart could wish. Think of it, and compare a life of ease and luxury with your dull existence here. You will let me see you again? I have much to say to you."

"Yes," she replied; "I will see you, if I can get away from home."

"You can always do that." Then he held the little hand even more tightly in his own. "I am half afraid," he said, quietly; "but I wish that you would allow me to offer you this ring."

She looked at him suddenly, and with a burning flush on her face.

"To me?" she said, hesitatingly.

"Yes, if you will only make me happy by accepting it as a little memento of the day on which we first met."

"But it is so costly—it is so very valuable."

"If it were not it would not be worth offering to you," he replied. "I should be so happy if you would wear it—it is the first time a jewel has given me such pleasure."

"How can I wear such a splendid ring?" she said. "Every one who sees it will wonder where it came from."

"You will be able to manage that," he replied; "you are so clever. I cannot doubt your skill. Say you will accept it, Doris?"

She was quite silent for some minutes, then in a low voice he whispered to her:

"I will hang jewels more costly than this on your beautiful neck, and round your white arms; you shall be crowned with diamonds, if you will. See how marvelously fair it makes that sweet hand of yours. Jewels crown a beautiful woman with a glory nothing else can give. You, above all others, ought to be so crowned, for there is no other woman so fair."

The flush died from her face. She had not quite made up her mind. There came before her a vision of her poet lover, with his wild worship, his passionate love; of all the vows and promises she had made to him; of his trust and faith for her.

If she took this lord's ring, and promised to meet him again, it meant forsaking Earle. Besides, he had spoken of making her his wife. Was he in earnest?

She rose hurriedly from her seat. He saw that her lips quivered and her hands trembled; she was agitated and confused.

"Give me time," she said. "You frighten me. I can hardly understand. I must go now; they will think that I am lost."

He rose with her, and stood by her side.

"You will keep the ring, Doris, for my sake, in memory of the time when I first saw you?"

"I will keep it," she replied, hastily. "Oh, Lord Vivianne, let me go; I am frightened—this is so different to being with Earle. Let me go."

"You will meet me again," he urged, "say on Friday—you will not refuse—at the same time and same place? I will lavish the luxury of the whole world on you, if you will only care for me."

But now that her ambition was satisfied, was realized, she was frightened at her own success, and hastened away.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

EARLE was not the only one who found Doris changed. She had hastened home from that interview almost wild with excitement. Could it be that the wildest dream of her life was realized at last; that this handsome lord had offered her every luxury in the world? It seemed too bright a vision to be real; she was obliged to look again at the diamond on her finger to convince herself of its truth.

Mark Brace and his wife, as well as Mattie, wondered, when Doris reached home, where her animation and high spirits had gone. Mattie spoke, and she seemed hardly to hear her; her mother asked her some trifling question and she made no answer.

She was like one in a dream. As a rule she was the delight and torment of Mark's life. As they sat together in the evening, she would puzzle him with questions—she would tease, irritate, charm, and annoy him.

But on this night Doris said no word, and Mark fancied it was because Earle was away. He sat looking at her with great solemn eyes, wondering who could fathom the mysteries of a woman's heart. He had never thought Doris fond of Earle, yet there she was, wretched, miserable, and lonely, because he was away.

How little he guessed that in her mind Earle was already of the past. She had loved him as well as it was in her power to love any one, but that was not much, and now that the grand temptation of her life was before her all regard for Earle sunk into insignificance.

She was faint with wonder, and amazed that she, Doris Brace, should have made such a conquest; her heart beat with delight, then sunk with fear. Was he only trifling with her, this handsome lord? Her face flushed proudly.

"If I thought he was only trifling with me," she said to herself, "I should know how to treat him."

Then one look at the jewel on her finger reassured her.

"Gentlemen do not give jewels that cost hundreds of pounds unless they really love and intend marriage."

There was some assurance of success in the dream of the diamond. She had been obliged to remove the ring lest her mother and Mattie might see it.

On the morning following Earle hastened to Brackenside. He was longing to see his lady-love again; she was so kind to him when they parted—she had been so unusually gentle that he had longed for more kindness.

He was at Brackenside before breakfast was finished. One look at the beautiful face of his love sufficed; she was dreamy, abstracted; she seemed hardly to notice his entrance.

No light came in her eyes as she spoke to him; she did not make room for him by her side. When he went up to her and tried to kiss the face he loved so well she drew back, not angrily, but carelessly.

"I never said you might kiss me every day, Earle," she said.

"I know, my darling, but I can not help it. It has grown into a custom now."

"When anything becomes a custom it ceases to be a charm," she said, with unconscious philosophy.

Earle looked down sadly at her.

"Doris," he said, "you are so sadly changed to me; I cannot understand it, dear. You say that I have not displeased you?"

"No," she said, carelessly, "I am not in the least displeased."

"Then, what have I done, my darling? I love you too madly to suffer anything to come between us. If I could win your love by dying for it, I would cheerfully die. Tell me what I can do to make you as you were once to me?"

She raised her head impatiently.

"You are always talking nonsense, Earle! I cannot regulate my words and thoughts as I would regulate a clock. I cannot undertake to be always the same."

"You are charming, but your variety used to be one of your greatest charms. I do not complain of that—the summer sky changes; it goes from crimson to blue, and then white—you changed from grave to gay, and in each mood you seemed to me most charming. It is not that now."

"What is it then?" she asked.

He looked so wistfully at her that, if she had had any heart, it must have been touched.

"I can hardly tell—I dare not even to myself say what your manner seems to me. Doris, you cannot surely repent of having promised to marry me—it cannot be that?"

His honest eyes grew so dim with pain—his face grew so white—she would sooner, heartless coquette as she was, have stabbed him to the heart than have answered "Yes." She turned away from him.

"I suppose you cannot help talking nonsense, Earle? I am not sentimental myself, and so much of it wearies me. When you can talk about anything else I shall be glad."

As soon as she could she quitted the room and Earle was at a loss to know what to do or say. He tried to comfort himself.

"She is so beautiful, my darling," he said, tenderly, "and beauty is always capricious; it is but the caprice of a young girl. I must be patient." He tried to school himself to patience, but he felt unutterably sad. There was something in her manner he could not understand.

"I know what lovers' quarrels are," he thought to himself—"they are the renewal of love; but I cannot understand this dark, cold shadow which comes between us, and seems to hide from me the beauty and light of her face."

He went out, and tried to interest himself in his work, thinking to himself that her mood would soon change, and then the sun would shine for him again. But he found work impossible; he could think of nothing else but the loved one's face with the shadow on it.

He went through the meadows, and stood leaning over the gate. When Mattie saw him, she watched him for some minutes in silence, her sweet, homely face full of wistful anxiety, her eyes of tenderest love.

To her simple mind he was as far above her as the angels were; but she loved him as she never loved any one else. She had feared greatly for him, and it had been some relief to her to find that Doris had really promised to marry him and intended to keep her word.

It was the first time since she had heard the news of the engagement that she had seen that look of doubt, almost despair, on his face, and it troubled her greatly.

"What can have happened?" she said to herself; then, with a sudden sense of foreboding, it seemed to her what she had always dreaded had come at last.

Involuntarily the girl clasped her hands; "God save Earle!" she said; then she went up to him.

She spoke twice to him before he heard her; then she started in alarm as the white face, with its expression of bitter sorrow, was turned to her.

"Earle, what, has happpened?"

"Nothing," he replied. Then the sweet, mild, sympathizing face reproached him with kindness. "Nothing has happened, Mattie," he said, "but I am not happy; I am afraid that I have grieved Doris."

"What have you done to her?" she asked, briefly.

"That is what I want to find out and cannot," he replied. "Tell me, Mattie, have you noticed a change in her?"

"Yes," replied the young girl, gravely, "I have, Earle, ever since the day she went to the castle. I wish she had never seen it. We were very happy until then."

"Yes, we were happy," he replied, sadly. "What has changed her, Mattie? Tell me truthfully; never mind about giving me pain."

"I think she saw and envied all the magnificence that was there," said Mattie; "our simple home and homely ways have been disagreeable to her ever since."

"Will it pass away?" he asked, anxiously. "We must have patience with her, Mattie. Who can wonder at it? She is so young and so lovely, it seems only natural that she should care most for what is bright and beautiful. Downsbury Castle seemed like fairy-land to her. No wonder that after it we all seem a little tame and dull."

"You can never be tame, Earle," said the girl, indignantly. "How can you say such a thing? Tame indeed! I should like to say what I think on the matter."

Her warm sympathy somewhat reassured him.

He looked up at her.

"You do not think, then, that it is anything serious, Mattie? I am so glad. One so gay and bright as Doris naturally tires of a quiet home."

"I do not think home so very quiet. You are always there, and she ought to find her happiness in your society."

"I am sure she does," he replied, hastily, unable to cast even the shadow of blame on her; "but you see, dear, I love her so that a shadow on her fair face drives me mad."

"You worship her, Earle," said Mattie, gravely; "and in this weary world man or woman who commits that sin of idolatry is certain to suffer for it."

"What can I do to win her smiles again?" asked the young lover.

"I do not know, Earle. I wish your happiness did not depend so entirely on her smiles."

"It is too late to remedy that," replied Earle.

As he spoke he saw in the distance the glimmer of her dress between the trees.

"There she is!" he cried. "I will go to her."

His face flushed crimson, and Mattie watched him sadly as he hastened after her sister.

"How he loves her!" she thought. "Poor Earle! he has no life apart from her; it is almost pitiful to see him."

Doris, believing herself unseen, had gone out hoping to avoid Earle. She liked him too well to pain him, yet every moment she was drawing nearer to the precipice.

"Anything," she said to herself, "is better than the sight of that pained face."

She resolved to go down to the Thorpe Meadow and while away an hour or two there. Earle would not dream of looking there for her; so she went, taking one of her favorite French novels.

She found a seat in a shady nook. She opened the novels, but she could not read; the romance of her own life was more exciting to her now than any other—that wild romance of which the outward symbol was a diamond ring.

She took the ring from her purse and placed it on her finger. How it shone, gleamed, and glittered! So may the eye of the serpent have glittered in the garden of Paradise. She held out her hand the better to admire it. Her lover's words came back to her: "I will hang jewels on your beautiful neck and round your white arms."

Her heart beat fast. That would indeed be a triumph. What was anything else in the wide world compared to this? Besides, the young lord sincerely loved her. Had he not so declared, with passion and truth burning in his eyes?

What was Earle's love—the love of a poor poet—to the passionate rapture of a rich young lord, who was willing to marry her, and could crown her with the rarest gems, give her every luxury in life?

As the thought crossed her mind Earle drew near, at first unobserved by her. His eye at once alighted upon the ring.

"That is a beautiful ring, Doris," he said, "and a costly one. Who gave it to you? He took her hand and held it tightly in his own, while his face grew deadly pale. "I know but little of jewels," he continued, "but I can tell that this is costly and valuable. Who gave it to you?"

Her face flushed deepest crimson, her eyes flashed fire.

"That is no business of yours," she replied.

But, rather to her surprise, Earle showed no fear of her anger, no irresolution.

"I have a right to ask," he said. "You are my promised wife. Who gave you the jewel you wear on your hand?"

"I refuse to answer you," she replied.

"Doris," he said, and there was more of contempt than of pain in his voice, "Doris, has that anything to do with your coldness to me?"

For a moment she looked at him steadily, then she seemed to remember that defiance and denial would be useless—would only cause inquiries. Her only way out of the difficulty lay in untruth. She smiled sweetly in his face.

"My jealous Earle," she said, "who do you think gave me this ring?"

"I can not tell," he replied, gravely.

"Will you promise, if I tell you, never to mention it?"

"I promise faithfully, Doris."

"Lady Estelle Hereford gave it to me on the day I went to Downsbury Castle. Are you jealous of her, Earl?"

"No, my darling. I hope the time may come when I shall bring you ever brighter jewels than this," and he kissed the fair, false hand as he spoke.

## CHAPTER XXV.

"EARLE," said Doris, suddenly, "I hope you will keep your promise, and not mention to any person a word about this ring."

"I have never broken my word in my life," said Earle, proudly.

"Because, when Lady Estelle gave it to me, she wished me not to mention it; they would be so jealous at home. Mattie would want one like it."

Earle was indignant at this insinuation.

"You do not understand Mattie if you think that," he said. "She would be pleased in your pleasure, not envious."

Doris laughed.

"You think all women are angels, Earle. I hope you may never find out your mistake."

"I hope not," he said. "Of course I will respect your wishes, and keep the most perfect silence. At the same time, I think you are rather imprudent; any one, seeing such a valuable ring in your possession, would naturally wonder how you came by it."

"They may wonder," she said, indiffer-

ently. "I know, and that is quite sufficient. Is it really valuable, Earle? What do you think it is worth?"

"I am no judge of such things," he said. "It is a large stone, full of fire, and without a flaw. I should imagine it to be worth two or three hundred pounds; it may be worth more, certainly not less."

Three hundred pounds. Why, the bare idea of it was fabulous—to have a lover who could give you such jewels; it was like a fairy-tale, and he would hang chains of such round her neck and arms.

Earle wondered why she so suddenly grew abstracted and quiet—it was so unlike Doris, this dreamy repose. It had wanted but little to cause her to make up her mind as to her decision—such wealth as that was not to be despised. Earle suddenly grew quite insignificant in her eyes.

When would he be able to give her a diamond worth three hundred pounds? Still, she would not let him even guess what were her thoughts; to-morrow she had to see her young lord-lover—she would keep good friends with Earle till then; so she threw aside the many thoughts and ideas which haunted her, and, turning to him, was once more her own charming self.

Earle was enchanted, she had but to smile at him, to give him a look of kindness, to evince the least sign of affection for him, and all was well; she was so completely mistress of his heart, soul, and mind, that she could do with him just as she would.

He surrendered himself to the charm—he was more happy than words can tell; he said to himself that he had been mistaken, there was no coldness in her manner, no change; it had, after all, only been some little shadow of girlish reserve, some little variation of spirit; she was his own love—beautiful, tender, and true.

Seated by her, in the fair June sunshine he told her all his hopes and his fears; he told her how he had fancied that her love was leaving him, that she was changing to him, that she had been caring less for him. Now he was delighted to find that she was all that was most kind, most amiable, and winning.

None, looking at the bright, happy face, could have guessed what was hidden underneath it—Earle least of all. Those eyes were full of heaven to him; he saw all truth, all honor, all nobility in the matchless features.

Earle believed in her: drinking in the marvelous beauty of her face, listening to the sweet voice, he would have gone to death for her; it never entered his mind to doubt her.

So the summer hours passed, and, completely happy, completely reassured, was in the seventh heaven of delight. They went home together. For long afterward did he dwell on the memory of that day, the last happy one of his life!

He remained at the farm until evening; he seemed unable to tear himself away. The moon was shining, and the stars were gleaming in the sky when he went. He asked Doris if she would walk with him just as far as the garden gate. She did not seem willing, but Mark Brace, who had noticed the wistful expression of the young lover's eyes, said:

"Go, Doris; the night is fine; going as far as the gate will not hurt you."

Unwillingly she rose to go. Another time she would have rebelled, but now the consciousness of the treachery she was meditating forbade that, she would do as they liked for the present.

Mattie held out her hand to Earle with a grave, anxious look. If she could have saved him; if she could have done anything to help him! She seemed to have a foreboding that all was not well, that was deceiving them.

"Good-night, Mattie," said Earle, in a low voice; "you see the sun is shining for me again."

"Heaven grant that it may always so shine?" said sincere Mattie.

Then she turned away from him abruptly. There were times when she could not bear those outward evidences of his love. She said to herself that Doris was quite unworthy of him—quite unworthy; but if he had only cared for her, she would have made his life so bright for him.

Then the lovers went out together. Mattie looking after them with a sigh, Mark Brace with a smile. Earle wishing that each moment of the starlight night could be lengthened into years, Doris silently wishing that there was no love in the world—nothing but diamonds.

Doris walked in silence to the garden gate. The picture was a beautiful one. The picturesque old farm-house lying in the soft moonlight, the moonbeams falling full and bright on the flowers, the fields, and the trees.

The laburnums of shining yellow and pale; the lilacs filling the air with perfume; the starlight touching the golden head and face of the young girl until she looked beautiful and ethereal as an angel—lighting up the spiritual face of the young lover.

Doris leaned against the gate, and directly over her head hung the flowers of the syringatree. There was a deep, dreamy silence over the whole earth, as though the rest of heaven were lying over it. Earle was the first to speak.

"You look so beautiful, my darling," he said. "How am I to tear myself away?"

"Do not look at me," she replied. "Then you will go easily enough."

"Do you want me to go?" he asked, bending a spray of syrina until it rested on her head. "Do you want me to go?"

No need to pain him yet. No need to wound with the point of a pin when she was preparing a sharp sword to stab him to the heart.

"Why should I want you to go?" Doris asked, with one of those sweet, subtle smiles which fire the hearts of men.

"I am so happy," he said, after a time, "here with you in the moonlight, my darling; it seems to me that death and heaven have no higher bliss to give me.

"I wish you could see yourself, Doris. The moonlight just touches your hair, and makes it something like an aureole of glory round your head; it touches your face and makes it like a lily leaf; it shines in your eyes, and they are brighter than the stars. Oh, my darling, all the words in the world could not tell how lovely you are!"

"There is something in having a poet for a lover after all," thought Doris.

"How am I to leave you? When I go away my heart clings to you; it is as though I were drawn by cords that I could not loosen; my eyes will not gaze in any other direction.

"Oh, Doris, if I could tell you how I love you, if but for once I could measure the height and depth of my own wild worship, if but for once I could tell you how dearly I love you, you would be compelled, in sheerest pity, to love me in return."

"Have I not said I love you, Earle?" and her voice was sweet as the cooing ring-dove's. "Whatever happens to either of us, be quite sure of one thing—whatever love I have to give is given to you."

He bent down, and kissed her sweet, false lips, such unutterable happiness shining in his eyes that the great pity was he did not die there and then.

She lifted her face to his.

"It is not in me," she said, "to love as some people do; but, let what may happen, I do love you, and you have all my love."

He drew the lovely face to his own.

"I should like to take you in my arms and run away with you," he said; "to take you to some lonely island or solitary desert, where no one could ever try to take you from me."

She knew perfectly well that on the morrow she had to meet her lordly lover; yet, when Earle clasped her in his arms and drew her head on his breast, she mutely accepted his caresses.

What she said was true—she might do what she would, she might love the prestige of Lord Vivianne's rank, she might love his wealth and what it could bring her, but the whole affection of her heart—poor, mean, and false as it was—had been given to Earle.

As she listened to his low-whispered words, she thought to herself that it was most likely for the last time. The story of woman's falseness is never pleasant to write. When Earle thought that he had detained her as long as Mark Brace would wish her to be out, he said:

"I must go, Doris; it would be just as difficult to leave you in an hour's time as now. Good-bye, my love, good-bye."

Then she raised her golden head and fair, flower-like face. She clasped her soft, white arms around his neck, and said:

"Good-bye, Earle."

It was the first voluntary caress that she had ever offered him, and his heart beat with a perfect rapture of happiness.

She turned away; false, fickle coquette as she was, the sight of his face touched her with no ordinary pain. How he trusted, how he loved her! Heaven help him! how his whole heart, soul, and life seemed wrapped up in her.

Doris went back into the sitting-room, where honest Mark Brace sat waiting for her, and Earle walked home. He hardly knew how he reached there, the glamor of his love was so strong upon him, the moonlight was so fair, the whole earth so fragrant and so beautiful; he crushed the sweet blossoms under his feet as he walked along; he had gathered the spray of syringa, and he held it to his lips; shining among the stars he saw the fair face of his love, he heard her voice in the sweet whisper of the wind; he stood bareheaded under the night sky, while he said to himself: "Heaven bless her!"

And when he entered his mother's house, the look of rest on his face, the light in his eyes struck her so, that she said:

"You look very well to-night, my son. Is it poetry or love?"

He laughed gayly.

"As though you could separate the two, mother. My love is all poetry, my poetry all love."

She laid her hand on the fair, clustering hair.

"I am afraid that your love is your religion, too," she said.

"I am so happy, mother! What have I done that I should win the love of that pure young heart? Do not say that I have no religion. I feel that I could kneel all night and thank Heaven for the treasure it has sent me. I shall be a thousand times a better man for my love."

But Mrs. Moray was not to be convinced. She did not see Doris with the eyes of her son; she saw the girl's faults more plainly than her virtues—her coquetry, her vanity, her pride; whereas Earle saw only that she was exceedingly beautiful, and that he loved her better than he loved his life.

"It is a terrible thing," said Mrs. Moray, "for a man to give his whole heart into the hands of a creature as you have done, Earle. Why, what would become of you if you were to lose Doris, or anything happen to interfere with your love to separate you?"

She was startled at the expression of his face; he turned to her quickly.

"Do not say anything of that kind to me, mother; the bare idea of it drives me mad! What would the reality do?"

"It is not right, Earle, to love any one after such a fashion."

"But I cannot help it, mother," he replied, with a smile, "and that is where the whole of my excuse lies."

* * * * * *

The morrow came, but there was no hesitation on the part of Doris. Perhaps Lord Vivianne could not have done a better thing for himself than giving her that diamond ring, the light of it dazzled her; it reminded her, perpetually, of what might be hers; she might have felt some little remorse or sorrow but for that; when she looked at it she forgot everything except that she could have just as many as she liked of them.

It was in the morning when she went out to meet him; she had, adroitly, sent Earle to Quainton, under the pretext that she wanted some silk and wool; no one else would interfere with her. Mrs. Brace never attempted the least interference in her actions, so that she was perfectly safe.

The loveliness of her face was not dimmed by one trace of sorrow or regret, yet she had quite decided up betraying Earle, and leaving him to break his heart, or anything else that despair might urge him to do.

To have seen her walking through the sunlit fields and lanes, no one would have thought that she calmly and coolly contemplated the most cruel treachery of which woman could be guilty.

Across the long green grass fell the shadow of her lordly lover. He was standing by the stile, and on one side lay the dark woods, on the other rose the spire of the old church at Quainton. The whole scene was so fair and so tranquil, it seemed almost wonderful that treachery and sin should exist. Doris trembled when Lord Vivianne came hastily to meet her.

"I began to think you would disappoint me," he said; "every minute that I have waited has seemed like an hour to me. What should I have done if you had not come?"

He took her hand as though it belonged to him.

"Shall we go to that shady spot in the woods?" he asked; "I can talk to you more easily there."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DANIEL WEBSTER, who had a rich store of information on almost every subject of general interest, said that it had been his habit for years to reflect for a short time on whatever he read, and so fix in his mind the thoughts and ideas worth remembering. Any one who does this will be surprised to find how retentive his memory will become, and how long, after reading an interesting article, the best portions of it will remain with him.

# Bric-a-Brac.

IVY.—The ivy differs from ordinary plants in having rootlets on every stem, thus rendering it almost independent of its main ground-roots. Its notorious killing action upon growing trees when it takes possession of them is mainly due to absorption of their juices. If there is any moisture in stone or brick walls the ivy will absorb it.

ARRACK.—All over Eastern Asia is consumed a drink known as "arrack." The best of it is distilled from the unexpanded flowers of certain varieties of palm. A vile kind of arrrack is made from impure molasses that is left over as refuse in the manufacture of raw sugar. It makes the drinker crazy, and under the influence of it whole parties of Malays sometimes "run amuck" together, the sport only concluding with the death of all participants, as well as the destruction of numbers of innocent people.

CHANGING TO SUIT.—The Moniteur, in 1815, then the organ of Louis XVIII., thus, from day to day, recorded the progress of the first Napoleon from Elba to Paris:—"The Anthropophagist has escaped." "The Corsican ogre has landed." "The tiger is coming." "The monster has slept at Grenoble." "The tyrant has arrived at Lyons." "The usurper has been seen in the environs of Paris." "Buonaparte advances toward, but will never enter, the capital." "Napoleon will be under our ramparts to-morrow." "His Imperial Majesty entered the Tuileries on the 21st of March, in the midst of his faithful subjects."

THE FEMALE JAP.—Women in European countries exhibit a predilection for some foreign language. German women speak English, and English women speak French, German, etc. A Japanese woman speaks nothing but Japanese. It is to her, moreover, that the Japanese owes all the progress it has made during the last century. She was of old forbidden to study the Japanese language, which was considered the exclusive monopoly of men. The Japanese women took hold of their native tongue, and are now at the head of the literary movement of their country. Madem Murasaki is not the only one who has contributed to the development of this flexible tongue and exotic literature, for in addition to her there are at least thirty writers and philosophers in petticoats who are laboring for the greatest glory of the Japanese renaissance.

BY WAY OF MEDICINE.—There was once a brown owl that used to get out of sorts at times, just as little children will; but instead of giving it jam wrapped around powder, its owner sent it for a trip on the water to cure it. It was fastened to the back of a duck which was then driven into a horse-pond. The owl was no sailor, and as often as it stuck its claws into the duck, as it frequently did in its terror, the duck dived and gave it a good drenching. This made the owl more alarmed than ever, and caused it to dig its claws all the firmer into the duck, and this of course only led to its being ducked again and again. Every time the owl came out of its bath it expressed its surprise by loud hootings. Then in case of accident to one or other bird, or perhaps to both, the owl was unbound. After shaking its feathers as a dog shakes its coat, it slowly fell into its usual state of solemnity. But it was always the better for these excursions on the pond.

JACK TAR DOESN'T LIKE IT.—Sailors have curious dislikes. Hence some folk say they are superstitious, by which is meant that they are afraid of things without being able to give a good reason for their fear. They dislike the bird that is known as the Stormy Petrel, or Mother Carey's Chicken. This bird is very active when the sea is rough, flying so closely to the surface of the water as to make one think it really runs upon the waves. This habit caused it to be called "Petrel," or the "little Peter," in allusion to Saint Peter's walking on the sea. As it is usually seen in stormy weather, the sailors dislike it because they regard it as foretelling a gale. One would imagine this was a useful hint to the seamen to be prepared for the tempest. Forewarned is forearmed. Still, a storm at sea is a terrible thing, and it cannot be pleasant to the brave men even to know beforehand that within an hour or two they may have to fight for dear life, remote from all chance of help. So, after all, one can understand why the sailor should not love to see the petrel too lively.

## YOU.

BY W. W. LORD.

Across my life a great white light
Into its darkest chamber gleams,
Thrilling and holding my soul to yours,
In love's magnetic radiant beams.

You won me, sweet, from shadow and sin,
To walk with you in love's to be,
Where the lotus blossoms in the golden sun,
By the whispering waves of love's blue sea.

Forever and aye I will dwell with you,
Under the glory of love's calm skies;
I will lie at rest in cool green bowers,
Lit with a light from your radiant eyes.

# AFTER LONG YEARS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH-IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP," "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

CLAIRE made a gesture, almost imperial in its command; but it had no effect.

"You listen to me! There's no hurry! You think you're Miss Sartoris of Court Regna a kind of queen in your way. But you make a great mistake, young lady! You are a pauper!"

"You are a pauper!"

The words did not impress Claire in the least. She looked at the old man's sallow face, distorted by passion, with blank amazement. She had thought Mordaunt mad, she felt certain that his father must be; and, indeed, at the moment he looked like a man whom rage and malignant resentment had bereft of reason. His hands were clenched, his lips apart, showing his fang-like teeth, his eyes glared with a kind of vindictive triumph into hers.

Mordaunt was as much amazed as Claire, and he started and looked at his father speechlessly for a moment; then he said—

"Father! What do you mean?"

Old Sapley paid no heed to him, but still regarded Claire.

"Do you hear what I say? Do you understand?" he snarled.

Claire found her voice. "I heard—yes," she said. "But I do not understand. I do not wish to hear anything more. Let me pass, please!"

"You do not understand," he said. "You will not go till you have realised what I mean. I repeat, Miss Sartoris, you are a pauper."

Claire mechanically glanced round the room, as if to assure herself that she was not dreaming, that the old man who had always been so respectful, so servile, was really standing before her and uttering these strange words.

"You'd better sit down," he said, pointing a shaky hand at a chair. "What I have to tell you will startle you. You will want all your strength and presence of mind, Miss Sartoris. Yes, for all your pride, you will find the blow a crushing one."

Claire, it is useless to say, did not obey him; but stood, erect as a dart, and facing him with steadfast eyes and tightly set lips. It was he who quailed before the direct gaze of her violet eyes, and he drew a chair to the table, and sank into it.

"You think yourself mistress of Court Regna, Miss Sartoris," he said, more calmly, and with slow, distinct enunciation. "I tell you that not an acre of the land, not a house, not a farm, belongs to you."

Mordaunt uttered a sudden exclamation and took a step forward; but his father held up a hand to silence him, and went on, in the same dry voice—

"You do not believe me?"

"I do not believe you!" said Claire, quietly.

"I am not surprised," he said; "but wait. Do you know anything of your affairs? Do you know anything of the condition of the estate when Lord Wharton died?"

Claire was silent, but her silence answered for her.

"No," he said, with a nod of the head and a twist of the lips. "How should you, when he, himself, did not know that he was up to his ears in debt, that the estate was mortgaged to the hilt."

Claire did not start, did not remove her eyes from his face; but he saw by their expression that she had grasped the significance of his statement, and he nodded and smiled again.

"He neither knew nor cared. So long as money was forthcoming to supply his wants he did not care where it came from, or how it came. He never remembered that there is a bottom to every purse; and that he had been sinking down to it ever since he was a young man. It was no business of mine to tell him; but when I hinted at the state of things he cursed me, and told me not to croak. And I obeyed him!"

He twisted his mouth into a sneer. "What have such men as me to do but to obey when a lord bids them! I said no more, but let things take their course. When he wanted money I got it for him, and as he didn't ask what the getting of it cost, I didn't tell him."

He paused, and looked before him, as if recalling the old days, the long course of deception by which he had led his master to ruin.

"Acre by acre was mortgaged, money was raised by annuities, and by notes of hand in every way by which money can be raised, and Lord Wharton knew nothing! He made his will!" he laughed discordantly, in hideous mockery, "as if he were leaving Court Regna and a large fortune to boot, whereas my lord died without a penny."

Mordaunt was beginning to understand. He leaned against the panelled wall and folded his arms; but with his eyes on the ground; and yet he could see Claire's face, and, seeing, admired its unbroken calm.

Mr. Sapley drew a long breath.

"When he died you came into possession—into possession of Court Regna, of the house and heaps of money—as you thought. In reality you came into a pile of mortgages, a heap of debts. You asked no questions, but carried yourself as if you had been born to it all, as if it were yours by right; and I let you alone in your delusion!"

He laughed discordantly again.

"You little thought, when you treated me and my son as if we were a kind of upper servants that your pride was built upon sand, that you were balancing on a rickety pedestal that might give way beneath you any moment, and topple you over. But so it was, Miss Sartoris, so it was!"

He paused, and Claire, speaking for the first time since his announcement, turned to Mordaunt.

"Is this true?" she said, with not a quiver in her voice, with the calm regard of her grave eyes.

"I cannot tell you," he said, huskily. "I know nothing about it! I ask you to believe that, until this moment, I was as ignorant as yourself."

"That's true," said the old man, with a chuckle. "He speaks the truth. Mordy's clever, very clever! He thought that I had let all the business of the estate pass into his hands; he never guessed that I'd kept the true state of the case to myself. You can believe him. He speaks the truth. He knew nothing. He never imagined that while you were queening it over us all, you were a pauper—a pauper, existing on my bounty, on his father's bounty!"

Over Claire's face a wave of crimson like a stain passed, leaving her white to the lips.

"Your bounty!" she said, almost to herself.

"Whose else?" he retorted, roughly. "Who holds all the mortgages, the annuities, the notes of hand, but me! I've got 'em every one."

He bent back as he made the statement, and, thrusting his hands into his pockets, looked up at her with a gleam of triumph in his small eyes.

Claire let her hand fall on the table, and pressed it there, as if she needed its support.

"You!" she said, involuntarily.

"Aye! I, Sapley, the agent. Sapley, you and my lord looked down upon as so much dirt, just a man, a servant to be ordered about as you pleased.' 'To be treated civilly one day, and like a footman out of favor, the next; just as it suited his whim. Yes, Miss Sartoris, I am the owner of Regna, every acre of it, every house upon it; the Court itself, those pictures, the table and chairs, the carpet you're standing upon. I've only to foreclose and they are mine; for no man will be fool enough to buy them at the price I've lent on them."

Mordaunt said something—it was rather an exclamation than a coherent sentence, but old Sapley seemed to understand, and turned to him.

"Don't be afraid! Do you think I am a fool! The mortgages are not in my name. There is no betrayal of trust! I bought them honestly, fairly. No man, let him be as clever a lawyer as he may, can find a flaw in my claim. When the estate is sold I shall not get back the money I've spent. You'll be my debtor still, young lady!" He nodded at Claire.

Claire sank into the chair at last. She felt surprised, bewildered, by the suddenness of the blow. But though she could not yet realize it, she did not doubt its genuineness, its completeness. The old man's tone carried conviction with it. She saw, every moment more clearly, how the man, spider-like, had woven his web round Lord Wharton and herself.

"Yes," he said, "like him, you asked no questions. You behaved as if you had half a million at your back. You had your horses and your carriages, your house in London, your dinner parties, and you never asked where the money came from. You must needs pull down the old wing and rebuild it!"

Claire winced for the first time, and he laughed harshly.

"Pull down the wing of my house!" he said. "And when I ventured humbly to remonstrate, stopped me with that infernal proud look of yours——"

"Father!" muttered Mordaunt, but the old man turned on him almost savagely.

"Hold your tongue! Isn't it true? Do you think I haven't felt it—that I haven't looked forward many a time, when I've borne their foolish insolence, to the hour when I could pay it back? Pay it back with interest! If you've no spirit, I have! Hold your tongue! This is my business."

He turned his cavernous eyes on Claire again.

"You raised the money by a note of hand. She signed that day you passed the library. How are you going to pay me that money back? How, I ask? You can't tell, Miss Sartoris? Well, was I right when I said that you will be a pauper? Shouldn't I be right if I added that you were my debtor?"

Claire raised her head, which had sunk under this last humiliation, the most crushing of all.

"If it be true—I cannot pay you!" she said, in a low voice, as if every word caused her a separate pang.

Mordaunt drew nearer the table.

"Father," he said, almost inaudibly, "this that you have told Miss Sartoris is so sudden, so unexpected, that she did not realize it. You must see that. Do not say any more. Miss Sartoris has a right to demand a full and detailed statement, in writing, of—of your claim. This must be sent to her—she will need advice——"

The old man stopped him with a grunt.

"She shall have it! I am prepared at all points. She will find no flaw. Everything is in proper legal order. She shall have the statement any time she likes; now, if she wishes it! She can take it to anybody she pleases. I defy the cutest lawyer to pick a hole in it. Court Regna is mine—all of it."

"Miss Sartoris would like to go now," said Mordaunt, in a low voice.

"Wait a bit," said the old man, "I've got something else to say; something more pleasant, and that she'll be precious glad to hear. She's a pauper—she can take my word for it—and will have to turn out. After all," he grinned malignantly, "it ought not to be so hard. She was a nobody when she came here; she's no right to expect Court Regna and half a million, and it oughtn't to be so hard to lose what she'd no reason to expect. You'd only go back to what you were before, young lady."

Claire rose, but he stretched out his hand.

"Wait a bit. There's no need for you to turn out at all! That's the pleasant part I'm coming to!" He smiled and nodded.

"You've heard what Mordy offered you? He offered to make you his wife. You refused him just now, refused him as if he'd been your footman or your groom. Perhaps it was only natural—though Mordy's a gentleman, fit for any girl! seeing your pride and the value you set upon yourself as mistress of Court Regna. Mistress of Court Regna! But you know the truth now; you know that he's as good as you—and better. I've brought you to your senses, I expect, young lady! Well, it's only right that pride should have a fall! But we—Mordy and I—bear no malice. We'll forget and forgive."

He nodded and showed his fangs in what he intended for a conciliatory smile. "Take back that refusal, accept Mordy's offer, and the day you're married I'll hand him a quittance for every penny the estate owes me!"

As the old man dealt this—his trump card, which he had held in reserve for so many months—he leant back and rubbed his huge hands, and emitted a self-assured chuckle.

Mordaunt started and flushed redly. For a moment it seemed as if he were about to speak, but he checked himself, and, folding his arms, stood motionless, with his eyes fixed on the ground, waiting for Claire's answer.

"That's the way out of the business," said old Sapley. "There's one way out of the quagmire, and as you're a sensible young lady, you'll take it, I guess. Accept Mordy. He's young and clever, and, come to the actual fact, he's master of Court Regna."

Claire remained silent, her eyes fixed on the mean and sordid face, never meaner or more sordid than now, at his moment of triumph.

"There's no need to set all the gossiping tongues wagging," he went on. "I've kept the secret of the condition of affairs pretty tightly; we can keep it still. You can have an early marriage—the earlier the better; and just before you start on the honeymoon I'll give Mordy a release from every mortgage and lien I hold. Aye, and there'll be more money when I'm dead and gone, Miss Sartoris! Even if you'd still been mistress of Court Regna, you wouldn't have made a bad bargain by marrying the son of old Sapley."

He paused a moment, then turned his head to Mordaunt.

"What do you say, Mordy? You'll repeat your offer, eh?"

Mordaunt moistened his lips.

"Miss Sartoris knows that I will do so, that the great desire of my life is to make her my wife," he said in a low voice.

"That's all right, then," said the old man. "Well, Miss Sartoris, what's your answer?"

He waited, as if he were assured of what it would be, and he nodded to Mordaunt in a self-satisfied way.

"You ask me for my answer, Mr. Sapley," she said, quite quietly, with a calmness which was more expressive than any expression of indignation would have been. "You shall have it. I repeat my refusal. If not only Court Regna and every cent I possess, but my life itself, depended upon my doing so, I would not marry your son."

Mordaunt started forward, as if about to speak, but no words came. Old Sapley struggled to his feet, then sank down, and opened and shut his lips, as if struggling to restrain himself.

"You—you refused!—But, come, come! You're put out a bit. It's only natural! I may have been a bit rough and hard on you—I daresay I was. But I take back anything I've said that you object to. I take it back. Don't speak in a hurry. Take time. Think it over, consider your position—it's a devilish tight one! Remember how you stand. A pauper—Court Regna gone; you turned out without a penny, but the clothes on your back and your trinkets—and I'm not sure but what I could force you to give them up!"

He glared up at her threateningly. "Take time. Take a day; tell him to-morrow; sleep upon it——"

"I do not need any time," said Claire, as calmly as before. "Nothing—nothing, not the fear of death itself—would induce me to consent to be your son's wife. You have Court Regna—but—I am free!"

The old man sprang to his feet and made a grab at her arm, scarcely knowing what he was doing in his rage and amazement. Claire drew back beyond his reach, the color flooded her face, the glorious eyes blazed their woman's indignation and scorn on him, and upon the motionless figure beside him.

"Do not touch me! Do not! Let me pass!"

The old man quailed before her, and instinctively drew aside, and Claire, without another word or glance at him, passed out.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

MORDAUNT looked at his father, and drew a long breath. "All this is true, I suppose?" he said.

The old man had sunk into his chair again, and was clutching the arms and breathing hard, as if he had not yet recovered from Claire's passionate refusal of the offer which he had felt certain she would accept.

"Yes, it's true," he answered. "It's been the work of my life. I have planned and toiled for it day and night! Gradually, bit by bit, I have bought the mortgages, got hold of every note of hand. My name has never appeared in the matter—I took good care of that! When Lord Wharton died he had no idea of how he stood; he thought there were some debts, some encumbrances, but he imagined that he was leaving enough money to clear these off and leave Miss Sartoris a wealthy woman. The interest on the mortgages and notes of hand has not been paid for years; the

accumulation is enough to swamp the estate."

"You have done the thing completely!" said Mordaunt, grimly.

The old man nodded his head and chuckled harshly.

"I have!" he said, as if the praise were only his due. "No one suspects how matters stands, no one would have known if this girl hadn't played the fool. Who is she, to set her back up and oppose me! She came here without a penny! You talk of servants, she had no right to expect the money! What was she, a servant! What right had she to expect Lord Wharton to leave her Regna? She was robbing the other relations!"

"That is nonsense," said Mordaunt, curtly. "But she has baulked your plans."

The old man showed his teeth. "Not she!" he said. "She was taken aback, and got riled. She's as proud as Satan—you'll have to teach her to be a little more meek when you marry her, Mordy."

"When! When!" exclaimed Mordaunt, bitterly.

"Don't be afraid," said Sapley, "she'll come to her senses, and pretty soon. Give her till this time to-morrow to realise her position, to realise that, instead of being mistress of Court Regna, she is—nobody." He threw out his hands with a scornful gesture.

"And if she should not?" asked Mordaunt.

"Then let her go," said the old man, thrusting his head forward. "Let her go and we'll step into her place."

Mordaunt laughed scornfully. "Yes," he said, "we should look well at Court Regna, you and I; to be contemned by every respectable man, woman, and child in the place! We should be regarded as usurpers, scoundrels who had robbed her and turned her out.

"What good would it be to us? Of what use would be the position I have gained of late? Not one of the men who have received me in so friendly a way would look at me or touch my hand. Good-bye to all my hopes of taking a place in the county, of making a name for myself!"

The old man's head sank. "Is this your gratitude?" he said. "I've done it all for you. I might have had Court Regna for myself long ago, but I only thought of you. I should have been content to have gone on in the old way: it is for you I planned and worked, for you, my only son."

Mordaunt paced up and down. "I am only showing you how things will turn out," he said.

The old man drew a long breath. "Let me think!" he said. "There must be some way of working it." His head sank down and his hands worked nervously on on the arm of the chair. "I have it!" he said, at last, looking up. "I'm not going to be beaten after all these years by a chit of a girl! If she won't marry you she must go. Let it be understood that we've bought the place; she can give out that she's tired of it, wants a change. I'll make her an allowance, settle an annuity upon her. You shall say how much. For myself, I wouldn't give her a penny; she has treated us like dirt, and if I had my way she should turn out as poor as she came."

Mordaunt shook his head. "You don't know Miss Sartoris," he said. "You are right, she is as proud as Satan, and would rather die than accept a penny from us."

The old man's face worked, and he laughed incredulously. "Try her! Try her!" he said, mockingly. "Women are all alike where money's concerned! But, mark my words, it won't come to that. She'll take back her refusal to-morrow, and accept you with a 'Thank you sir!'"

Mordaunt shook his head again, but said nothing, and the old man rose, slowly and stiffly. "I want to go home!" he said, with peevish irritability. "I'm tired and upset; but, mind, I'll have my way. Either she marries you or leaves the Court. Give me your arm."

They went slowly out of the house. On the terrace old Sapley stopped and looked up at the house; his deep set eyes travelling from end to end of it, as if he were gloating over it.

"I came here a servant," he said, in a low voice. "I will see you master before I die, Mordy."

When Claire left the library she went straight to her own room. Her heart was beating fast, her eyes were burning with the fever of indignation which Mr. Sapley's treatment of her had aroused.

For a time the fact that Mordaunt Sapley had presumed to offer the marriage, and that his father had dared to threaten her, absorbed all her mind; but presently, as she paced up and down the room, with her hands clasped in front of her, she began to remember the old man's statement.

It came upon her like a flash, and she stopped and pushed the hair from her forehead and looked straight before her trying to grasp the fact in all its significance.

Most women would have been overwhelmed by the suddenness of the blow and the completeness of the ruin which had overtaken her; but Claire had more strength of character than most women, and her experience and training had been peculiar.

If she had been born to the splendor of Court Regna she might indeed have been utterly crushed by the prospect of its loss; but, as Mr. Sapley had said, she had come to the Court a penniless girl, and that fact softened the blow.

But it also enabled her more easily to realize what the change would mean. Though she had never been puffed-up by her accession to wealth and place, she had valued both in a reasonable way.

There is no woman alive, certainly no young and healthy girl, who does not prefer a palatial country mansion and a house in town to dingy lodgings; rich dresses and jewels to shabby genteel attire; horses and carriages to a seat in a penny bus; a host of well-trained servants to smutty-faced slaves—or none at all—fitted and well-born friends to the companionship of the vulgar and ill-bred. And it was just this difference, this terrible contrast between wealth and poverty which she had now to face.

It did not occur to her to doubt Mr. Sapley's statement. She knew that he would not have made it if it had not been absolutely true. And there was no probability in it; it was just what such a man would do.

She remembered how entirely Lord Wharton had entrusted business matters to this man; she herself had left everything in his hands, had never asked how the money came which she had spent, without the least regard to the amount; had signed papers, without asking their import.

It was more than probable that she had played into Mr. Sapley's hands, and had, so to speak, helped to complete her own ruin.

The blow was hard to bear, but the fact that Mordaunt had dared to ask her to marry him, that his father had proposed a bargain which would include her acceptance of Mordaunt Sapley as a husband, was still harder to endure. The thought made her cheek burn and brought tears to her smarting eyes.

Only yesterday one of the noblest of men had asked her to be his wife, had deemed her worthy to bear his name and title; and now, to-day, Mordaunt Sapley had dared to insult her by standing by and acquiescing in his father's vile proposal.

What should she do? There was no one to whom she could go for advice. Lord Chester occurred to her, but she shrank from the mere thought of telling him of the humiliation which had been inflicted upon her.

Mrs. Lexton was away; and even if she had been at the Court, Claire felt that she could not have told her.

Mrs. Lexton would have offered to share her slender purse with her, and Claire's proud nature recoiled from the charity even of so close a friend.

She bathed her hot face and sat down, determined to face the situation calmly. She must leave Court Regna.

Every moment she remained there she was, as Mr. Sapley had so brutally told her, a pensioner on his bounty. She was living in his house. Everything was his, the very chair in which she sat.

The reflection caused her to rise from it and pace the room again. She must leave the Court at once. She would go from it as she came, alone and friendless.

She asked herself what money she possessed. She had come to the Court with a few pounds in her pocket; she might lay claim to these. Lord Wharton had given her, at various times, on her birthday, and when she had said or done something that pleased him, or when it suited his humor, various articles of jewelry.

These she felt she was entitled to. The Wharton diamonds, the rare and costly gems, which had been left to her, were part and parcel of the estate, and belonged to Mr. Sapley, and would go with the rest to pay the money owing to him. She would take nothing from the Court but the few pounds with which she had entered and the trinkets which had been presented to her.

She went to her wardrobe and chose the plainest and least expensive dress, put the jewelry and a change of clothes into a Gladstone bag, then she stood in the middle of the room, nerving herself for a last farewell of the place which she suddenly discovered she loved better than she had ever suspected.

With all its splendor it had been home to her. She had never fully realised the importance of its possession; but now it had gone from her she felt how good a thing it had been to be "mistress of Court Regna."

She went along the wide corridor, slowly, and looking at the pictures as she passed, step by step she descended the broad stairs. The light from the stained window fell in brilliant flecks upon the white statuary, upon the gleaming men in armor, upon the tattered flags suspended from the roof.

The grandeur of it impressed her as it had never done before; the inanimate objects seemed endowed with sense, and to be whispering to her with sad and mournful solemnity, the pregnant word, "Farewell!"

She entered the drawingroom and looked round at the magnificent decorations, the antique furniture, and the unique bric a brac which Lord Wharton had collected from nearly every country under the sun.

The richness of the apartment had almost been unnoticed by her before; she appreciated it now. From the drawing-room she went into the diningroom and looked at the carved panels, the painted ceiling, the great bronzes on their pedestals of black marble, the massive plate on the great oak sideboard.

Then she went to the stable. The mare whinnied at her approach, and as she put her arms round its glossy neck it thrust its soft nose against her cheek, as if it understood what had happened, and that this—the tears that dropped upon its neck, Claire's broken words of endearment and parting—meant good-bye.

She could scarcely tear herself away from the horse which had been her loving companion on many a long and happy ride, for it was harder to part from it, this living thing that returned her love with a tenfold interest, than from all the grandeur and luxury, and stately magnificence of the Court.

Her eyes were still full of tears as she re-entered the hall. Her maid was passing, and Claire, with a movement of her hand, stopped her.

"I have packed a bag; it is in my room," she said. "Will you ask one of the men to take it down to the station?"

"Yes, miss," said the maid. "Will you have the open carriage?"

"No, I will walk," said Claire.

The maid was too well trained to show her surprise, but she noticed Claire's pallor and her red eyes. "Have you a headache, miss?" she said. "Shall I bathe your head with eau-de-cologne, or get you a cup of tea?"

The girl had always been kind to her—for servants can be kind as well as mistresses—and Claire was fond of her. It cost her a great effort to repress a burst of tears.

"No—no, thank you," she said. "The walk will do me good. I'm going up to London—I do not know when I shall be back."

She paused at the foot of the stairs and took a sovereign from her purse. "Sophie, I saw a very pretty bonnet in the milliner's window at Thraxton; I think it will suit you, will you get it?"

The maid took the sovereign, and crimsoned with pleasure, and Claire hurried upstairs out of hearing of her thanks. She put on her out-door things, and then knelt beside the bed in which she should never sleep again.

Then she rose, and slowly, with bent head, left the house. On the terrace steps she turned and looked back, as Mr. Sapley had done; but with what a different emotion.

She had to pass the old wing, and she looked at it with a curious feeling of unreality; it almost seemed that the part which Gerald Wayre had played in her life was only a dream, and, as she recalled his words about the difference in their station, murmured, "I am as poor as he, now—even poorer!" She glanced at the cottage in which old Mrs. Burdon was crooning by the fire, then entered the small avenue which led to the station.

She had got half-way down it when Mordaunt Sapley came out from a side path. He was walking with bent head and his hands clasped behind him, and his brows were knit and his lips set tightly, as if he were occupied with anything but pleasant thoughts, notwithstanding his father's recent intelligence.

As he saw Claire, he started, and his face grew red. Claire would have passed him without any greeting, or, at most, a slight inclination of her head; but he raised his hat and addressed her.

"I am glad to meet you, Miss Sartoris," he said. "I was coming up to the Court in the hope that you would see me."

Claire looked straight before her; her face as impassive as a statue's.

"I wanted to assure you," he went on, "once more, and with all the emphasis of which I am capable, that until my father spoke in the library just now I was quite ignorant of—of the state of affairs. I beg you to believe this, Miss Sartoris, and to acquit me of any share in the—transactions which have resulted so disastrously for you."

"I believe you," she said.

He looked at her quickly with a gleam of hope in his eyes. "I can't tell you the relief those words bring to me!" he said. "I wish I could convince you that not only have I had no share in this business, but that I regret it—I regret it!"

Claire said nothing in response to this.

"I should also like to say how bitterly I regret that my father should have—have used such language to you."

"Mr. Sapley only spoke as his nature prompted him," said Claire.

Mordaunt bit his lips. "I know! I know!" he said. "But Miss Sartoris you will not punish me for his offence?"

"I have no desire, no power to punish you, Mr. Mordaunt," she said.

"I have come to you, Miss Sartoris, to make a proposal."

Claire's eyes began to flash.

"I beg you will not misunderstand me," he said, reddening and looking down. "I have come to make a proposal of—a—a business nature."

"What is it?" said Claire, calmly, coldly.

"I have been talking the matter over with my father—have endeavored to convince him, that your decision—your refusal, is irrevocable."

"It is," said Claire, as coldly as before.

He bit his lip again, and shot a glance at her. "And I have pointed out to him that though we—he—may legally claim Court Regna, it will be unjust to—to deprive you of the whole of your fortune."

"I have no fortune," said Claire. "It seems that nothing has ever belonged to me; that Mr. Sapley really owned it all."

Mordaunt shuffled his feet on the ground. "I fear that it is so," he said. "Yes, I fear! For I need not say, Miss Sartoris, that if I had my way every penny should be restored to you. But you would not listen to this?"

Claire's silence was a sufficient assent.

"But though you will not consent to this I trust that you will accept an offer of an income of a thousand a year. I have put it at so small a sum," he went on, quickly; "because I felt that you would not accept of more."

"I cannot accept even that," said Claire. "It is a large sum, Mr. Mordaunt; but even if it were one represented by the smallest coin of the realm, my answer would be the same. Your father reminded me that I had been a pensioner on his bounty, a recipient of his charity; do you think that I am one to remain in such a condition for one moment longer than I can help, for one moment after my knowledge of the fact?"

"You visit my father's sins upon my head," he said, huskily. "Will you not take the money from me?"

"From you!" broke from Claire; then she recovered command of herself. "Mr. Mordaunt, no doubt you mean well. I thank you for your intention. But you do not understand, that, though I were starving, I could not accept even a crust of bread from your hand."

"I see!" he said. "Your scorn of me is so great."

"Nay, rather, my self respect."

He looked at her from under his brows. "May I ask where you are going?" he said.

"I do not grant your right to ask me, but I will tell you. I am leaving Court Regna—for ever!"

He started and lifted his head. "You are leaving Court Regna—at once?"

"At once," she said, very quietly. "I have no right to remain there. I have no wish to remain there—under your father's roof."

He winced, as if she had struck him. "Your pride carries you a long way, Miss Sartoris!" he said.

"Yes; it will carry me beyond the reach of your father's insults and your persecution."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## WANTING.

BY C. J.

The new year has brought back the same old blooms,
The daisies for the leas,
The bluebells sweet, and the cowslips' plumes,
And the pale anemones;
And again with the golden fires of spring
The woods and groves are bright,
And the same old songs the blackbirds sing
In the apple orchards white.

And the dawns are bright and the eyes are fair
As o'er in the days of old;
And the fragrant hawthorn scents the air,
And the gorse is of burnished gold;
And the wind has come o'er the southern seas
From shores where the nereids play;
And as of old, do the brigand bees
On their clover blossoms stray.

There's an amber sea in the far-off west,
Where the hills and the sunset meet;
And the hymn of the throstle by its nest
Is tender and clear and sweet;
And I wait and watch, as in days of yore,
By the tried trysting-tree;
But ah, never, never, nevermore
Can my sweetheart come to me!

# Real or Ideal?

BY L. M. T.

AN old story; nearly as old as the hills. The story of a battered rake and a young girl's smile. The story of a pure, delicious light kindled amid the ashes of a gross materialism. The story that was a living, constant poem before the days of poets; the story that will remain so, long after poets have ceased to be.

Common as the sunset or the rainbow, and yet as far removed from the commonplace. Always the same, yet always different. 'Tis nothing—it tells you nothing, to know beforehand the groundwork of the one or of the other. Everything centres in the lights and shadows.

'Tis an interest of shifting effects, of colored glimpses, of glories that come and go while you look; of checkered patches that are never still or stationary. A thousand persons may see this self same picture, yet no two see it alike. The guise in which *I*, the writer, once saw it was this.

I had a great friend at Oxford, a man named Bertie Newton. He was a popular man in the college—certainly the most popular there. We were a cliquey college, compact of many sets. Newton, however, contrived to be "in" with them all. This was on account of his marvelous versatility, which made him the most widely sympathetic nature that I have ever come across.

He was a scholar, and on the friendliest possible terms with the smugs (as we superior noodles styled them) who composed the scholars' sets. He was an athlete—that is to say, he was moderately proficient at all outdoor games—and was hail fellow well met with all the members of the athletic clique. He affected a pretty taste in dress and consorted often with the exquisites.

He was much attached to cards and billiards, and not infrequently took the odds about a horse. This proclivity brought him into sympathy with the sporting clique, who usually referred to Bertie as a "real good sort." In a word, he was friendly with everybody, and everybody liked him.

I don't think they could have helped it. He was one of those fellows who are made to be liked—one of those natures whose sympathy is out of all proportion to its prudence, and whose kindliness is altogether in excess of its good judgment.

With brilliant abilities and a ready wit, he never exercised the former pretentiously, nor the latter, in a manner that could wound. He was impulsive, affectionate, confidential.

His friends—that is to say, almost the whole college—were let into the secret of his little debts and difficulties; his extravagances, his intoxications, his amours. With the Dons and the Proctors (and this did not, by any means, diminish his popularity) he was always in scrapes.

Scarcely a week passed but a fine or a gating fell upon his devoted head. His tutor despaired of him; vowed that it was useless to waste attention upon such an unstable character, and predicted nothing better for him than a "gulf" in the approaching "Mods."

They held a college meeting—a conclave that, unless he got a first, they should take away his scholarship. It then wanted eight weeks of the schools. He set to his books day and night, and mastered the whole list of them (a year's work for most men) in that time.

At the end of it, he delighted his fellow undergraduates, who loved him, and dismayed the Dons, who didn't, by being placed in the first class.

Later, the senior Fellow, a being who lived on Greek particles, and wore a striped flannel shirt, without cuffs, and a yellowish collar, was, really quite mad about it. Two of his particular proteges, who had sapped like Trojans for eighteen months, who drank nothing stronger than coffee, nor smoked anything more costly than shag—men who, by all the laws of right, deserved, and were worth, their firsts—only obtained seconds in the exam.

And for that "flippant rake—that—that—sucking Alcibiades" (as Lanter designated my friend) to beat them at their own game was too annoying for words. Bertie Newton had a bad time next term. He was a marked man—marked by the sallow, flannel-shirted Lanter.

Every little breach of discipline on Bertie's part was spotted. Every lecture he skipped—a goodly number—was religiously entered by Lanter in his black book. But Lanter said nothing about them at the time. He waited till collections. Then, to Bertie's huge dismay (for he imagined his delinquencies had not been observed), they were all brought up against him.

Thus accumulated they made an awful calendar. The master of the college delivered a solemn judgment in tremendous tones. He rolled out a string of really Ciceronian sentences—long, classical, verbose. The gist of them was that Bertie should spend the ensuing term with his friends in the country.

That was the beginning of sorrows for him. Bertie had lived considerably in excess of his means; and he had many creditors in Oxford. When he disappeared from the college they took fright, imagining that he had vanished for good; and down came all the bills upon him in one fell swoop.

Summonses in the Vice-Chancellor's Court were issued fast and thick against him. He could not pay the amounts all in a minute, and his father had not the means to help him. Judgments ensued. Then executions.

The furniture in Bertie's rooms in college was seized by the Sheriff. This was too much. The Dons held another conclave, and a memorandum, signed by those solemn fogies, was despatched to Bertie, requesting him to remove his name from the college books.

A private letter from the Master accompanied it, advising Bertie that unless he did this himself the college (that is, the Governing Body, who so styled themselves) would do it for him. Bertie removed his name. Thus ended his connection with Oxford.

I did not see him again for three or four years. When I next came across him—in a London suburb, where my people had gone to live—I was shocked at the change which had taken place in his appearance and his circumstances.

From a handsome, healthy youngster, he had sunk into a seedy, shabby man, haggard and wasted—an embodied consequence, as I could see, of failure and reckless dissipation. I stopped him, for he was trying to slip past me in a shame-faced sort of way, and insisted on his coming home with me to have a chat.

He demurred considerably; spoke of his shabby dress, his unkempt appearance. However, I would take no denial. And on my promising that he should not, in his then condition, be presented to any members of my family, he at last consented to come.

I took him, therefore, straight to my private den—a little garden room, where I smoke and do my writing—and having provided him with a cigar and a whiskey and soda, drew him on to tell me the story of his experiences since he had left Oxford.

It was a sufficiently common one. And I need not do more than repeat the outline. A poor father—angry friends—no testimonials—overwhelming debts.

Even Newton's brilliant abilities could not make a successful start in the face of these, more especially as he conspicuously lacked all those—shall I call them commercial?—qualities which contribute to worldly success.

A worse man of business, or a man that knew less of the value of money, I have never come across. Add to this a nature generous, impulsive, confidential, and you have before you one simply bound not to succeed in life.

Newton had not succeeded. He had simply gone from bad to worse. After trying many things, and failing, he had drifted into journalism, where he failed also; that is to say, he earned on a local paper the least possible amount of money for the greatest possible amount of work.

But he adhered to it, because his life—out of pure recklessness and desperation—had now become so irregular that he could not endure anything in the shape of office ties or regular hours. He didn't—he told me—care a curse what became of him.

The Oxford debts still clung round his neck—a millstone of which he could never get rid: and he was steeped to the eyes in dissipation and drink, wherein alone he found any relief from remorse and harassing care.

"Look at me," he said, at the end of his narration, with a hard laugh. "You can see what I am. No need of a phrenologist to read my character—eh? Well, I have made my bed, and must lie in it. But the sooner I die in it, and rot out of this animal existence, the better for myself and everybody concerned."

I talked to him in as cheering a tone as I could. I pressed help upon him, and, after a while induced him to accept a trifling loan from me. It was only a fiver. But he would take no more.

"I would not even take this from you, old man," he said. "But—but—I have a decent suit of clothes, and a shirt or two in—in pawn, and I should like to get them out in case I might happen to—to come across your people. I—I—couldn't meet them like this, you know."

"Of course," I said. "I quite understand. Well, look here, Newton. Get them out. And come dine with us here to-morrow night—will you?"

"I—I—good God, Tregarthen!" he exclaimed. "I shouldn't know how to behave. I—I—haven't spoken to a lady for two years."

"All the more reason why you should lose no time in renewing the habit now," I answered. "Come, I refuse to let you off."

I urged him till he accepted, and then we parted. I watched him walk away, with a heavy heart. His shoulders were bent like an old man's; his gait was slouching and feeble. It was the spiritless bearing of unfeebled health and lost self-respect. Yet I remembered the time when Bertie Newton had carried himself with superb and almost princely air.

He came the next evening to dine, as he had promised. A tolerable suit of clothes, clean linen, a recent shave, and candle light, made a distinct improvement in my poor friend's appearance.

We were, purposely, not dressed, to spare him an embarrassment; and my father and mother, who are the kindest souls in the world, did all in their power to put poor Newton at his ease.

The only other member of the party was my cousin, Edie, a young lady who had lived with us now for a number of years, and whom I regarded very much in the light of a sister. Strangers called her pretty and thought her demure and shy. I knew rather better than that.

She was as incorrigible a little flirt as ever wore petticoats. Not a vulgar flirt of the giggling, forward type, but a very past mistress of the subtler refinements of the art. She was hardly twenty; she looked younger. Her face was as innocent as a child's—a very guarantee of artless simplicity. No one would ever have guessed her character from her looks.

I do not mean to say that she was a bad-hearted girl. She was simply a flirt, who could not help herself, and when she found herself next to Bertie Newton at dinner, she began to exercise her charms upon him with her usual artless and unconscious air. I smiled to myself as I watched her.

Poor Bertie—spiritless, broken, blase, was not a very promising subject for flirtation. He treated my cousin with extreme courtesy and politeness, but he evidently did not perceive that Edie was trying to flirt with him, and if he had, I am sure he would not have had the heart to respond to her advances.

I was afraid that he had found the evening rather slow, and so I told him, when I wished him good night at the gate.

He caught my hand and grasped it with an energy that made me wince.

"Slow? Great heaven, Tregarthen, you do not realize what this evening has been to me! Some people might call heaven slow; I don't."

His voice shook with emotion; I knew, despite the darkness, that his eyes were full of tears. He wrung my hand again, then turned and hurried away.

It may have been my fancy, it may simply have been an illusion, due to the uncertain glimmer of the gas in our suburban road; but I thought his gait less slouching and spiritless, and he seemed to feel the ground with a firmer tread.

I saw much of Bertie during the next few weeks. My father, dear old man, and I had agreed that we would studiously keep the poor fellow within the sphere of better influences, until we had done something to keep him out of the mire, and set him again upon his legs.

We were already arranging unknown to Bertie, a scheme of composition with the Oxford creditors; and I was trying through some of my literary friends, to obtain him a berth upon some better paper other than the suburban rag to which he now belonged.

I constantly went round to his rooms, and brought him home with me in the evenings, to keep him from the pot-houses, which I feared he might otherwise be frequenting.

My work rather suffered. For, instead of burning the midnight oil over my MSS., I burnt the midnight baccy in conversation with Newton. However, it was all in the way of friendship; and I am bound to say I found these conversations very interesting.

One night Bertie was very silent and preoccupied. For an hour he scarcely spoke, but puffed his pipe meditatively, with half closed eyes, smiling softly to himself now and again, as though he were involved in some pleasant dream.

At length he turned to me, and, apropos of nothing, asked:

"Tregarthen, if you were asked to give a verbal portrait of your cousin, how would you describe her?"

"Really," I said, quite taken aback by the unexpected question. "I hardly know. I should say—er—that she's—er—rather nice looking, and—er—not a bad sort of girl in her way, you know, and——"

"Rather nice looking? Not a bad sort of girl in her way?" he broke in, with an excited energy, for which I was at a loss to account. "Look here, Tregarthen, are you blind or am I?"

"Neither, I hope, my dear fellow. What do you mean?"

"You have given your description. Will you listen while I give mine?"

"By all means," I answered, wondering at what he was driving.

"Let me touch upon myself, for a moment, first," he said. "When you found me a month ago, old man, I was lost, hopeless, dead. I was a swine, wallowing in filth. To everything, save swinish appetites, I was numb, unconscious. God had gone out for me—was extinguished—had no existence. I looked at the sun, the stars; I could not see Him. I looked at the world of nature, the world of human life; I could not see Him. I looked into the Bible; I could not find Him. He was not. He had gone out. I wallowed deeper in the slime. I cared for nothing. I succumbed to grossness. The monster, who had blinded, now began to choke me. I was passive, indifferent, torpid. I was then—then, Tregarthen, that the God whom I had never thought to see again, revealed His presence to me. I saw Him clearly, in an instant, and I saw Him in—yes, yes, I may call her so, for now—in Edith's eyes."

He spoke with the fervor of a rapt enthusiast. A strange light shone upon his face. I listened to him with astonishment. To me, who knew her so well, his idealization of Edie sounded positively grotesque. I supposed him, for the time, to be half demented.

He noticed my expression. At last, he answered my thought.

"No, no, Tregarthen. I am not mad. I am not blind. My eyes are wide open—wider far than yours. You only see her as she seems. I can see her as she is; an angel, a radiant angel, in whose sinless face shines the love and joy of the living God. * * * You have heard of people being 'fey,' Tregarthen? And I dare say have often scoffed at the idea. I have. But I have lately learned better.

"I know that consciousness of death at hand can be mysteriously conveyed; for it is conveyed to me now. I know that those to whom it is conveyed then see things clearly, without disguise; for I see things clearly now.

"I see the all-merciful beaming upon me through her eyes; I hear His voice in hers, calling me to hope and Heaven. My material grossness is fading—fading away; and I myself am like a spirit of the air, rising, rising, rising; and her hand—His hand—is ever beckoning above."

He had risen from his chair while he spoke, and spread his arms upward. Almost before he had finished, he uttered a sharp, short cry, and, with a gasp, fell back.

"What is the matter? What is it?" I exclaimed, springing forward in alarm.

His face was white to the lips. His faculties seemed to have become suddenly dazed. I do not think that he heard my question, or even noticed my presence. His eyes were turned upward—fixed in a bright and burning gaze.

"Look," he murmured. "Listen! She beckons! She calls. I am rising—rising clear."

The last word was so faint that I scarcely caught it. He gave another gasp. Then his head fell forward on his breast, and in his eyes, now bent upon the ground, the burning light grew dim and died away. A minute before I had thought of running for a doctor; but now I saw that there was no need to hurry.

The truth was evident beyond a doubt. The material grossness had faded from my friend; but he himself, I knew, had risen—clear.

* * * * * *

Edie had gone to bed. And we did not think it necessary to rouse her that night for the purpose of telling her the tragic event which had just happened. But she met me early next morning in the garden, where I was strolling to refresh my excited brain with the cool air; and seeing that she had as yet heard nothing of poor Newton's sudden end, I nerved myself to break the intelligence to her as gently as I could.

Before I had made up my mind how to begin, she started conversing with me. "Jack," she said, "I'm so glad to find you here alone. I have been wishing for a word with you. It is about your friend, Mr. Newton. I don't want you to ask him here again just at present, please.

"He—he—well, lately he has seemed to develop a—hem—a grande passion for your humble servnt, and though I don't desire to hurt the poor young man's feelings by being rude to him, I tell you frankly I could not stand him in that capacity at any price.

"He just did for flirting with when there was no one better at hand. But even as such, he isn't worth a great deal. Besides, he looks so disreputable, and smells so of tobacco—faugh!—that altogether—Hillon, Jack, what's the matter?"

I turned away, without answering, and hurried toward the house. I could not bear to hear more in such a strain just then. * * * So this was the radiant angel, in whose sinless face shone the love and pity of the living God, and whose hand had beckoned the prodigal up to hope and heaven?

And it was this to be "fey"—to see things as they are? As they are! * * * Well, after all, Bertie may not have been so wrong. For in the fancy that can restore and beautify there may be—who knows?—more of the eternal realities, than in the fact whose only influence is to soil and degrade.

## HOW MONEY IS COINED.

WITHOUT doubt the Government offices of Washington are but little understood. In every department is hidden a fund of useful information to reward the researches of the student or scientist, unearthing treasures not to be found elsewhere.

There is magic in the very word "money," and the tingle and jingle and real brightness of gold coins make one long to touch them, even if possession is denied; and these gold coins are subjected to an examination that would shame the most rigid civil service code, before they are put in circulation.

Way up in the top floor of the Treasury Building Dr. Whitehead, a graduate of the Lehigh University, and an accomplished chemist, mutilates the beautiful gold pieces with a reckless cruelty that makes a poor man weep, yet these tests are made to prove beyond a doubt that the coins are up to the standard provided by law before they leave the mint.

The director of the Mint has his office in the United States Treasury building, and has the general supervision of all the mints and assay offices in the country.

These are four in number, and are located in Philadelphia, San Francisco, Carson City, and New Orleans. The first two only are now in operation.

The director prescribes the rules governing the mints and assay offices, regulates the distribution of silver coin, and the charges to be collected of depositors.

Business accounts are subject to his inspection, and the purchase of bullion and the allotment of its coinage are made by the director.

Each mint is under the personal supervision of a superintendent, who receives the bullion, makes appointments, and attends to all the business connected with the mint.

The other officers are the refiner, who separates the base metals from the gold and silver, manufactures it into ingots, which are bars of standard metal ready to be rolled into strips from which the blanks are punched. These blanks are the smooth, round coins before they are stamped.

The coiner takes the ingots, and does the rolling and punching. The blanks which are punched are then adjusted by ladies, who take each and weigh it in a sensitive scale, and should the slightest deviation from standard weight be perceptible, if in excess, it is remedied by filing; if below the standard weight, it is re-rolled and punched.

After adjusting, these blanks are sealed in iron boxes and heated to a red heat, in order to soften them to take the impression of the dies. The blankets are now given to the ladies in charge of the press, who feed them into a tube, from which they pass, one by one, under a powerful hammer.

Where the coin rests is the die for the reverse side; on the end of the hammer is the main die; with one blow the coin is stamped and passes to the receptacle, giving place for the next.

After leaving the press the coins are passed over an automatic weighing machine, which separates them into light and heavy. In making a delivery of coin to the superintendent the coiner takes one-half of the weight from the light and one-half from the heavy to equalize the errors in weight.

In fineness the gold coins are allowed to vary from .901 to .899, the silver coins from .903 to .897. Silver coins may weigh one grain and a half above or below the standard—that is, a silver dollar at standard weight weighs 412.5 grains; it may weigh and yet be correct 414 or 411 grains.

With gold coins the limit of tolerance for eagles and double eagles is one half grain above or below, and in the case of smaller coins one-fourth grain above or below the standard weight.

The gold coin comes to the mint from mines either as gold dust or in bars, and much is also received from jewelers. They melt, assay, and pay for it. It is then refined in order to separate the copper, gold, and silver; when the pure gold is obtained 10 per cent. of copper is added and manufactured into coin.

When the coiner makes a delivery of coin (which usually amounts to about a quarter of a million dollars) to the superintendent of the mint, two pieces are taken and numbered, to locate the delivery to which they belong, and then are sent to the Director of the Mint for special assay.

The assayer reports as to weight and fineness, and if correct the coins are issued from the mint for circulation; if found not to be up to the standard they must be melted and recoined.

If the coins are gold, after being weighed a piece is cut from each one by a machine especially provided for that purpose.

Each of these pieces is rolled to the thickness of a visiting card, then on a delicate scale one-half of a gramme is weighed; this is wrapped in a sheet of pure lead an inch and a half wide and three inches long, weighing five grains, and to the whole is added one and a half grains of silver.

This is wrapped in the form of a little ball and placed in a small crucible made of the ashes of bones, which has been brought to a white heat in a small furnace, called a cupelling furnace.

This furnace is heated by gas, and can be raised to a temperature sufficient to melt gold. The assay remains in this furnace about fifteen minutes, during which time the oxygen of the air, which passes over its surface, combines with the lead, forming a fusible oxide called litharge.

The little bone-ash crucible has a peculiar property of absorbing this oxide, as a blotting paper takes up ink. While the lead is removed, the base metals, such as copper, are also oxidised and dissolved in the oxide of lead and taken into the cupel with it, leaving a button of pure gold and silver, as neither of these metals are affected by oxygen.

The cupels containing the buttons are now taken from the furnace, and, after being hammed flat, are rolled into thin strips; these are softened by heating to a red heat and rolled into little hollow rolls called cornets.

Each of these cornets is placed into separate compartments of a little platinum tray, and the tray is placed in a large platinum dish containing nitric acid, which dissolves the silver, leaving the pure gold a dark brown color, and in a spongy condition, while preserving its original form.

It is then thoroughly washed by immersion into water several times, dried and heated to a bright red heat, when the cornets become bright and solid, and are ready to be weighed. The assayer now places the cornet of nearly pure gold on the balance and notes its weight.

Each milligramme represents one point in one thousand in fineness; that is, if 1,000 parts of gold were taken for an assay, the cornet from the coin of standard fineness should weigh .900.

As these cornets are not absolutely pure gold, it being impossible to entirely remove the silver by boiling in nitric acid, a test assay called a "proof" is made of pure gold, and undergoes all the operations to which the assay from the coin is subjected, and a comparison of the weight of this "proof" when it is returned to the scale gives the amount of correction necessary to reduce the cornets to pure gold.

THE VENERABLE QUEEN.—Victoria has found queenhood a very profitable calling. Figures for fifty-nine years of her reign show that the British people have given her under the name of civil list expenditures $110,375,000. In addition to this vast total, $48,670,765 has been expended for the maintenance of seventeen royal residences, stables and the like.

The total direct expenditure of the queen alone is $154,951,765, or over $1,800,000 a year. There is at this date an annual expenditure in addition for other members of the royal family of $1,300,000.

The thrifty old lady who has this vast income at her disposal has taken care to "make hay while the sun shines."

Of course, the money has been voted to enable her to keep up the ornamental state considered necessary for a royal position.

But it is just this she does not do. A peculiar fact in illustration of her prudence is seen in the non-probating of her husband's will. He is known to have left a large fortune.

The English treasury has never been increased by the legacy tax due from the estate of "Albert the Good," who should have been named Albert the Prudent.

It has been commonly considered in Great Britain as a matter of good policy for the monarch not to be the owner of private estates. Victoria, besides valuable continental property, is the owner of three estates in the United Kingdom.

They are Balmoral, in Aberdeenshire, Scotland; Osborne House, Isle of Wight, Hampshire; and Charlemont, Surrey. They embrace 5,561 acres, with a rental value a year of $27,805. At twenty years' purchase that would be $556,100. In fact, they are worth double that amount.

Queen Victoria, they say, has her little superstitions. She believes that articles made by blind persons bring good luck; that spilling salt brings bad luck; and she would probably not give sixpence for her kingdom if by any untoward chance thirteen persons happened to sit at the royal dinner table.

She has her pet dislikes, too, and among these is a hearty detestation of nicknames; another is an antipathy as to the smell of furs, particularly of sealskins.

She wears three rings which she has never removed—her wedding ring, a little enamel ring with a small diamond center, which the Prince Consort gave her when she was only 18 years old, and her engagement ring, which is in the form of a serpent of emeralds.

She wears also a bracelet from which is suspended I dare not say how many little lockets. How many grand and great-grandchildren has she? Well, the number is the number of the lockets, and the lockets keep increasing.

A collection of photographs which is probably the largest in Europe, and undoubtedly the most interesting, is possessed by the queen, and distributed among her various homes.

Her majesty has often lent paintings from her several castles for public exhibition. If her photographic collection could be exhibited it would attract widespread attention, and would be one of the most interesting features of a London season.

The collection dates back from the very birth of photography, and it comprises portraits, landscapes, views of historic landmarks, and of most of the principal events of the Victoria era. It is a collection that will in the future be of immense utility, as it is now of great value.

INNOCENT ABROAD.—He was a German student, and this was the letter he addressed to his uncle. "Dear uncle—A very strange thing happened yesterday. I went to see a friend of mine at the bank, who knows your handwriting very well, and he thought you were ill, as I had not lately presented any checks signed by you. He begs to be remembered to you, as also do I; and you might let my friend see your signature again. If you are very busy, you might send a blank check, and I will fill it in. Yours affectionately,

KARL."

# Scientific and Useful.

THE NEW WATCH.—The new watch is to have a phonograph cylinder hidden away, and at the hour and at each quarter of an hour a tiny voice will be heard giving you the exact time. You will simply touch a spring, hold the watch to your ear, and the little fairy on the inside will whisper the hour.

SOUND MEASUREMENT.—A novelty in scientific research is the means by which wind may be measured by its sound. The whistling of the wind as it crosses a wire varies with the velocity, and this can be computed from the pitch of the note observed in case of a given diameter of wire, and for a given air temperature.

MALACHITE.—Artificial malachite which is susceptible of a fine polish is made by precipitating a solution of sulphate of copper in the cold by carbonate of soda or of potash. The precipitate, which is voluminous, should be washed and dried and made into a paste with plaster-of-Paris and water. Allow the composition to harden.

TACKS.—In some parts of the country there are malicious persons who throw tacks in the roadway to annoy bicycle riders by perforating the pneumatic tires. To meet this difficulty it has been proposed to attach a magnet in front of the forward wheel, with the object of picking up the tacks as the machine rolls along.

IRONS.—Smoothing irons were first used in France, and are supposed to have been a French invention, being introduced in the sixteenth century. After the introduction of starch, linens were first made smooth by pressure, being starched and placed between two boards. This being found not to give the best results, resort was next had to pressure with a cold flat-iron, and finally the iron was heated to impart the polish now considered indispensable.

# Farm and Garden.

SUNFLOWERS.—Sunflower cake has been found, especially in Russia, one of the best auxiliary cattle foods.

SHEEP.—The lands best adapted to sheep are high plateaus or rolling fields. Sheep are more subject to disease on lower levels, and are not so well adapted to a warm, moist atmosphere as to the rarer and dryer air of the uplands. Marshy ground has a tendency to bring on foot rot and kindred diseases.

FOOT-ROT.—Foot-rot in sheep has deterred many farmers from keeping large flocks. It may always be traced to damp ground. Where hillsides are given over to sheep foot-rot seldom appears. Lack of shelter is also a source of disease, for when a sheep takes cold it seems to recover very slowly.

GOOD STOCK.—In this land of abundant and cheap food we have only to raise good high grades of stock and feed them the products of our fields to obtain a profit. The English breeder must look closer to details, must buy much of his seed, and consider its manurial value; but we lose all our labor and our profit if we feed poor stock. Millions are doing that, however.

SPROUTED POTATOES.—The French consider the sprouted potato as unfit for food. To prevent sprouting, they wash the potatoes, taking care not to break the skin. They then put them into bags of net and thrust them into boiling water, keeping them there four seconds. As soon as withdrawn, the potatoes are spread on boards until well dried off, when they are stored in a dry dark room, made as nearly air-tight as possible. Potatoes so treated will not sprout.

THE ORCHARD.—In setting out an orchard extremely rich soil is neither profitable nor to be desired if it could be made rich without expense. Most young orchards in the first few years grow too fast and make wood at the expense of fruit. If the farmer thinks the soil not rich enough, he is apt to manure the young trees with stable manure. This only makes matters worse. What is needed in most long-cultivated lands is a larger supply of the mineral fertilizers that promote fruit production.

CROUP IS QUICKLY RELIEVED, and Whooping Cough greatly helped, and its duration shortened by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, the old family stand-by for Coughs and Colds, and all Lung or Throat affections. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sanative.

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FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

ISSUED WEEKLY AT 720 SANSOM ST.

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1896.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

[IN ADVANCE.]

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## The Matter of Egoism.

By egoism we mean that habit of thought which causes a man to judge every question primarily as it affects himself, instinctively to set himself up as the all-important part of the universe, and so to lose sight of the just proportion of things. Egoism is not necessarily violently selfish, as the world understands selfishness—that is, it is not perforce grasping and mean; but, whether it be generous or grudging, it is marked by insatiable self-conceit.

This disease of egoism attacks weakly natures in every stage of education or of civilization. Of late—and this is the phase of the subject that has forced it on our attention—it has burst out into the grossest possible forms among unevenly-balanced minds, until it almost seems as if there were a popular sentiment among certain classes bolstering up egoism of the wildest kind.

Hardly a week passes without the newspapers reporting the case of some young fellow who is friendly or perhaps engaged to a girl, and for some reason or other finds himself in danger of losing her, the most probable explanation being that her preference for him is on the wane.

The man proceeds to show his overweening conceit, his total disregard of the woman's view of the question, his want of love or even of common care for her, and his overmastering sensitiveness with regard to his contemptible self by attempting a violent injury of his sweetheart, or even by taking her life. Here we get the very climax of egoism—the plain proof that it is a loathsome disease. These wretched men do not perceive how they are eaten up by the grossest form of mean conceit.

Formerly the man who was ousted from a woman's favor by a rival sought out his competitor and settled the quarrel with him. It was a rough method of expending superfluous feeling, but, at any rate, it was manly and dangerous. What would the men of old have thought of the puling louts who, when they fall behind in love, turn upon the woman for vengeance?

Common sense and real greatness tell a very different story from that which is thrust upon the world by the brute selfishness of the coarse tyrant who cannot think, and by the finicking introspection of the poets who think too much. The power of sinking personality entirely, of forgetting their own being and of living only in their work, has characterized all the men whom we can truly call great.

The great inventors have all been men who have buried their personality in their work, who have been absorbed in it, have lived with it. The men of science have had the same disregard of self and love of an outside object.

The great travelers and men of action, whose power of character has carried them safely through untold dangers, have nearly always been retiring men, thinking of anything rather than their own thoughts and feelings. It is not they who have sought the cheap notoriety of the fugitive paragraph.

In many instances they have not been able to understand why the world should be interested in them. They could understand an interest in their work; but, as for themselves, they were only in their own eyes instruments for achieving a purpose. While people at home were thinking of the man and of the reception he would have if he returned, he apparently had no similar care for the personal view of his success, but desired only to finish the task he had in hand.

Everywhere one meets with the same broad distinction among men. There is the class that is intent upon its duty, that finds its full reward in the thought, "This thing have I done, and its influence will remain;" and there is the class that longs to be looked at, yearns to be talked about, and that is for ever turning interested eyes upon its own pettiness, and wondering what passing impression it is making on the world.

The egoist in his lowest stage becomes so hungry for an acknowledgment of his own attractions that he will play the fool if only he can secure the notice that he loves. This foible of the age, this disease of egoism, has been fostered not a little by the readiness with which newspapers have traded upon it.

If we omit a score of politicians, a score of writers, and a score of artists of various kinds who are men of genuine distinction, and whose work naturally brings them before the public because it is multiplied ten-thousandfold by the Press, we shall find that the bulk of the remaining Press-praise—the arranged "puffing" that is so common—is lavished upon people who wish to be praised but whose work does not tell its own story without advertisement.

No doubt a large part of the notoriety-seeking of the present day is a matter of business; but no small share is due to vanity—sheer vanity—and indulgence of the weakly vice of egoism from which the ill-balanced and neurotic increasingly suffer.

It is curious that it should be so hard for people to put away the temptation to appear more important than they really are. Do they in very truth suffer from illusions? A man may preserve his self-respect to the full and yet surely be perfectly clear as to his own insignificance. He may know that he is not particularly clever, that he is not indispensable to anybody, that there is no reason why the world should trouble itself about his personality particularly, and yet that while he does his duty in a modest way he has no cause for shame.

That should be the spirit of every one of us; and, if it were, we should have no more puling conceit trying to strut before the world and put on an heroic or even a tragic mien.

Instead of thinking of their place amidst mankind in this simple commonsense way, and going on with their work and living without any further bother or self-torture, no small number of people who are cankered by the disease of egoism are always fretting and fuming, and thinking of themselves and weighing their own petty existences in the scale against all the rest of mankind.

Possibly some share of the blame for this mistaken view of life rests on the ancient proverb, "Know thyself." While it is essential to success to know mankind, the student of the world who begins with a too-anxious desire to know himself is most likely to slip into abject failure because he has cultivated that least manly of habits—introspection, which cannot be long continued without passing into a sickly egoism.

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LIFE appears to me to be too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrongs. We are, and must be, one and all burdened with faults in this world; but the time will soon come when I trust we shall put them off in putting off corruptible bodies, when debasement and sin will fall from us with this cumbrous frame of flesh, and only the spark will remain—the impalpable principle of life and thought, pure as when it left the Creator to inspire the creature; whence it came it will return, perhaps to pass through gradations of glory, from the pale human soul to brighten to the seraph. It is a creed in which I delight, to which I cling. It makes eternity a rest, a mighty home, not a terror and an abyss. Besides, with this creed revenge never worries my heart, degradation never too deeply disgusts me, injustice never crushes me too low. I live in calm, looking to the end.

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IT is a great satisfaction at the close of life to be able to look back upon the years that are past, and to feel that you have lived not for yourself alone, but that you have been useful to others. You may be assured, also, that the same feeling is a source of comfort and happiness at any period of life. Nothing in this world is so good as usefulness. It binds your fellow-creatures to you, and you to them; it tends to the improvement of your own character, and it gives you a real importance in society, much beyond what any artificial station can bestow.

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THOSE who contradict everything, and those who assent to everything, opposite as they seem to each other, are alike in their disloyalty to truth and simplicity. One opposes from the love of opposing, the other agrees from the love of agreeing; neither is actuated by the pure and unsullied love of truth. Yet this is the one element which is essential to all good conversation. No eloquence can compensate for its absence, no gifts, graces, or sympathies can make it superfluous.

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EVERY time a selfish impulse is resisted, every time a good purpose is formed and carried out, every time a difficult duty is accomplished, the power to do the same in the future is strengthened and stored up; and this steady increase of moral force is what forms the sterling and trustworthy character.

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"IT is the type of eternal truth," says John Ruskin, "that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it, and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails."

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ONCE let a grand motive-power sway a number of men, and, however differently they may be employed, there is a bond of union which binds them one to another. It is a "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin."

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THE mind is never right but when at peace with itself; the soul is in heaven even while it is in the flesh, if it be purged of its natural corruptions and taken up with divine thoughts and contemplations..

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MANY an act of duty or self-sacrifice, at first sight supposed to be impossible, has, by continued contemplation, become so attuned to the disposition that it has been performed with ease and even with pleasure.

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NO one who contentedly remains ignorant and thoughtless has any right to plume himself upon being a good and moral man, whatever or however numerous be the virtuous actions which he performs.

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ALL brave men love—for he only is brave who has affections to fight for, whether in the daily battle of life or in physical contests.

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ADVICE, like snow, the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

## CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

P. V.—Fat is removed from bones by steeping them in hot turpentine. Polished bone turnings may be colored red, mauve, and with similar tints, very permanently, with any of the new aniline colors.

L. S.—Carbolic acid is not used as a skin cosmetic, but as a disinfectant and purifier. Sour buttermilk, bran water, rose-water, lemon juice and glycerine all tend to remove sun-tan and freckles.

LAURA.—Jael was a Biblical character, the wife of Heber the Kenite, principally noted for killing Sisera, the commander of the army of Jabin, a Canaanitish king, who oppressed the Israelites. The whole affair is detailed in the fourth and fifth chapter of Judges.

E. S. H.—Ormux is a small island at the mouth of the Persian Gulf. In the sixteenth century, when the Portuguese were the great traders with the East, they took possession of this barren little island, and made it the great place of exchange for the products of Europe and Asia. It is to this period of its prosperity that Milton refers.

G. H.—Flour, plaster of Paris, and even marble dust, are said to be extensively used in the manufacture of cheap confectionery. The first-mentioned substance, however, does not exercise any bad effects upon the human system, but the other articles are highly deleterious, being sure to produce indigestion, inflammation, and other stomach troubles.

NEIGHBOR.—No, you have no remedy; your neighbor has a perfect right to let her children play in the garden, and if you object to the noise they make, it is for you to choose some quieter spot to live. Probably you will not be so much annoyed as the cold weather comes on, however, as they are not likely to play so much out of doors.

A ARTIST.—The symbols engraved upon the foot of old chalices and the monumental brasses are shortly thus: St. John—an eagle, typical of his foresight and bold style; St. Matthew—the angel's face, with wings, to typify a witness; St. Luke—the bull's head, that is, the mundane or earthly relation of the writer, as well as of his strength and force; and St. Mark—the lion, symbolical of boldness, daring, and constancy for the faith. These symbols are very old, and of Byzantine origin.

KATHIE.—It is known that the Chinese, as early as 969 A. D., fastened rockets to their arrows, that the latter might be thrown to a greater distance. This, however, was not the real origin of the use of gunpowder with projectiles—gunpowder artillery having been used in China as early as 85 A. D. The Moorish King of Cordova, Abd-el-Mumen, used rude artillery in 1156 against the Sicilians, but A. D. 1327 is the earliest record we have of the use of artillery by the English; and it was not till 1521 that cast cannons were first made in that country.

R. G. L.—A sea glass or water glass is simply a sort of rough wooden box, without a cover, perhaps a foot to twenty inches square, the bottom consisting of a piece of clear glass. It is grasped firmly by the edge, and held so that the bottom is just below the surface of the water. By its use the rippling movement of the water is overcome, and one is enabled to look steadily downward, apparently to the sea floor itself, and see the very smallest object quite as plainly as we see the things about us in the upper air.

E. O. S.—You have come to a wise determination. You know the girl to be good, wise, prudent, and clever; you feel irresistibly drawn towards her—therefore, marry her. What objections your relations make, which are merely those of social status, and therefore not valid, little matters to you. There is always some soreness between relatives when a man chooses entirely on his own judgment. Love will soon make the wife rise to your level. Perhaps a situation at a distance might make the first few months pass more pleasantly; but never mind quarrels out of the house; it is quarrels in the house that the married ones have to guard against. What is the world to you? It is a great coward; contemn it, and it will praise you.

EMIGRANT.—Southern California is said to possess a better climate than Italy. South of San Francisco and in the San Joaquin valley frost is rarely known. Roses bloom throughout the winter, and many trees retain their foliage green the year round. The air, peculiarly warm and dry, is very healthful and favorable to consumptives and persons subject to disease of the throat. For this reason, San Diego, Santa Barbara, San Bernardino, Stockton, and Visalia have become popular winter resorts for invalids. In regard to epidemic diseases the climate of California is deemed remarkably adverse to them. Malarious fevers occur in many of the interior valleys, but they are not generally of a severe type. California has a rainy and a dry season, the former nearly corresponding to the winter and the latter to the summer of the Atlantic region. The rains begin at the north early in autumn, but do not fall in the latitude of San Francisco, in any appreciable quantity, until about the middle of December, which is the month of greatest rain. The rainy season terminates toward the end of May. It has been estimated that in the latitude referred to there are on an average 230 perfectly clear days in a year; 65 days more or less cloudy; and 60 rainy. A marked phenomenon of the climate is the comparative absence of thunder and lightning. Earthquake shocks are quite frequent in California, but they rarely do any great damage.

## WITH THE STREAM.

BY H. J. S.

We floated with the stream, my love and I,
Beneath o'erarching boughs of elm and lime,
And lost in ecstasy of passing time,
Scarce mark'd the sunset in the western sky.

The woods were redolent of perfume rare,
The boughs were musical with song of birds;
But with the melody of whisper'd words,
And with the breath of love, what can compare?

And as we gently floated with the tide,
And listen'd to the sound of vesper bell,
That echoed far and near o'er, wood and dell,
Thus, to my loved one's ear, my soul's voice cried:—

"So may our life's frail boat glide down Time's stream,
Clear skies above us, and fair prospects round,
With peaceful haven near, and calm pro-found,"
And, faintly, she replied, "It is my dream."

And so we glided on, until the night,
Shedding her dews the thirsty earth to leaven,
Set her pale circlet in the front of Heaven,
And bid her star lamps shine with silv'ry light.

## Thrown Away.

BY G. L. T.

PRETTY Mrs. Sargent was ill at ease. It was not often the fascinating widow had any cause for anxiety, and Clement Dalzell was the last man on earth from whom she expected to find it.

She was a pretty woman, an exceedingly pretty woman; however her friends might differ as to her degree of fascination, not one of them dared question her exceeding charm, or the beauty of her glowing dark eyes, ruby lips and perfect teeth. Moreover, she was decidedly well off.

The late Sargent having left a comfortable provision for his attractive relict, she gave delightful little dinners, where the claret was heated to just the proper degree and the champagne iced enough to bring out its tone.

That she was a woman with a history no one questioned, and as little did her nearest and dearest friends doubt the fact that there would be some few pages added to the record, ere time wrote his lines too deeply round the red mouth, or set his crow's feet in the vicinity of those expressive eyes.

She had admirers by the dozen—that was only to be expected. A well-dowered, fascinating widow, without encumbrances, of course she had her following, but no man in London could say she had smiled upon him more than politeness dictated, except Clement Dalzell.

Now, Clement Dalzell was somebody. A rising barrister, with ample means, mothers and chaperones had angled for him for two whole seasons; beauties smiled upon him, and bluff fathers—men quite above seconding their wives in matters matrimonial, or thought to be so—had invited him to shoot pheasants and fish preserved waters where salmon lay crying out to be captured.

There was scarcely a country house, where there were daughters, that did not fling its doors wide to the clever young fellow who had inherited a tidy fortune, and was certain to mount to the topmost twig of the legal tree.

In the beginning of his third season of triumphant escape from the matrimonial market, he met Genevive Sargent.

She had been some years in London at the time; her delightful flat, overlooking the park, made a most harmonious setting to her dark beauty. She wore good diamonds, dressed to perfection, and had the prettiest foot in the world. Then her ideas of men and things ran in the same lines as his own; there was the faintest flavor of Bohemianism about her, and that suited him too.

He might lounge in her pretty rooms, and if he occasionally indulged in a tiny cigarette she made no objection. In fact, she was a charming, unconventional woman, who laughed at Mrs. Grundy, while she still kept well inside the pale, and who was the most delightful company in the world.

As to the deceased Sargent, he asked no questions. She told him her husband had been many years her senior, that her brief married life had not been all lilies and roses, and that, if she could meet a congenial spirit, she might possibly think of another union.

But the spirit must be a very congenial one, and the circumstances in every respect desirable, before she could dream of resigning the liberty which had become sweet to her; and Clement thought she was right to be careful.

So it went on for nearly a year. The mammas who had marked down the young lawyer looked "all Sheffield" at the fascinating widow, when she appeared with the prize in her train; and the prize seemed exceedingly happy in the company he had chosen—that was the worst of it.

But as yet, although there had been much confidence and a little—a very little—love-making between them, there was nothing in the shape of an engagement. Perhaps they were both too wise to venture upon anything definite before they were sure of themselves.

Genevive was an exceedingly clever little woman. She was not in love with him, but had he suddenly drawn off she would have felt hurt; perhaps more deeply than she herself imagined. Moreover, she knew the charm of philandering, and with a good deal of dexterity, contrived to treat the young man with a frank friendliness which held him fast.

All this had been amusing her for a year, or a little longer, when the crisis she wished to keep off arrived, and the ardent youth almost compelled her to receive him upon a different footing.

"How much longer are we to go on like this, Jennie?" he said to her, as they sat together in her cosy boudoir. "Don't you know that I love you, you tantalizing little woman? Don't you know you are absolutely necessary to my happiness? Yet here you are, keeping me at just the same distance from you as I was last year. It isn't fair, Jennie, and you know it."

She certainly did look distractingly pretty that evening. She had on a yellow tea-gown of some mysterious stuff that fell round her in folds, which an artist might go wild to copy, and in her hand she held a fan, gorgeous with the plumage of tropical birds, while the diamond pins which fastened her masses of lustrous black hair caught the fire-light, and twinkled like stars between the clouds of a dappled winter sky.

Leaning forward and looking into her face, he could see her eyes grow misty through the wavings of her fan, and the voice which answered him had a low thrill in it which his heart beat quick to hear.

"Are we not quite happy?" she said. "Why should we alter a relationship which is so pleasant?"

"I want you for my wife," he answered "Have you not known that all along?" He rose from his seat and approached her where she reclined in her deep arm-chair. "You must answer me one way or other, Jennie," he whispered, dropping on his knee at her side and obtaining possession of her hand. "We know each other so well; we are bound to be far happier."

She let her hand lie in his, but she drew back from the arm he would have cast round her. "I don't see it," she said. "My experience was not so perfect as to make me venture again, but"—and she dropped her fan to lay her hand lightly on his crisp, curling hair—"perhaps it might be different now. I am older and, I think, wiser; and you?—are you quite sure of yourself, Clement?"

"I am—perfectly certain that there is not another woman in all the world," he said hastily, as he drew her to him. "Jennie, you don't doubt my faith?"

Still with her hand on his hair, she whispered softly, "I do not know. Life is a strange medley. You may be very devoted to me now, but will it hold? Remember, I have had my experiences, and I have learned that even the hottest affection cools, and that it is a very rare description of love"—she made a little pause before uttering the word—"which will stand the stress of time. Clement, I have not much faith in men."

"I don't ask you to have faith in men," he said tenderly. "I ask you to have faith in one particular man—which is me."

"That's just it," she replied quickly. "If I put faith in you, and you fail me, what then? No, dear friend; best for us both that we remain as we are. Believe me, I am right."

"You are not right," he rejoined hotly. "Jennie, I believe you have a heart as cold as an icicle. If you had not, you would understand me better."

"Do you know, I think it is because I understand you so well," she answered. "Clement, a truce to this; let us remain upon the old footing, and be content with things as they are."

"That is a very hard saying," he replied. "Do you mean me to think you will not marry me, Jennie?"

She did not want him to think so, although she most certainly did wish him to believe she was not anxious on the subject. "He has been so 'rushed' by other women that I must teach him I am very different to the general run," she thought.

Aloud she said, "Is it not better to preserve a tender friendship than merge a devoted friend in matrimony, which might convert him into a careless husband, Clement?"

"I don't understand you," he said bluntly, and he rose from his knee. "Jennie, you are an enigma."

She smiled up at him as he stood in the firelight, a handsome, well-bred young fellow, looking uncomfortable and perplexed at this particular moment, but, perhaps, all the better in her eyes: did not her power to annoy him show her perfect empire over him?

"Suppose I teach you the solution," she said, thinking how very handsome he was, and how sorry she would be to lose him. "Your friendship is very sweet to me, Clement."

"How you harp upon friend and friendship," he said testily. "Can't you drop the words, and call me by a dearer name?"

"You really know so little about me," she said. "I might be a mere adventuress, for all you know of my antecedents."

"Now—if any one but yourself said that ——" he cried angrily.

"You would knock them down," she said, looking at him with undisguised admiration in her expressive eyes. "I'm not an adventuress. My money is safe in the respectable funds. I could tell you my whole history from my youth upwards, without reservation. There is only one action of my life which I look back to with so much as a blush and that is my marriage.

"A girl of nineteen, I married a man nine-and-twenty years older than myself, for a home, and without an atom of affection. But I was only a child. I did not know what I was doing, and, in fact, I had no choice. I was told Mr. Sargent wished to marry me, and that was all. He was not unkind to me. He neither beat me or starved me—and he died. Poor man, it was the kindest action of his life; at last, that part of it which concerned me. I am very happy in those pretty rooms of mine. But you have made me think of—of, taking a new element into my life. I wish you hadn't, Clement."

She had risen to her feet as she spoke, and now they were standing side by side on the hearthrug, with the firelight playing fantastically over them, and only the murmur of the distant street to remind them there were any other lives in the wide world beside their own. He made a step nearer and clasped her to him.

"Let me make up for the loveless years," he said, with his lips close to her ear. "Don't play fast and loose with me any longer. Say honestly that you will be my wife, and put an end to this shilly-shally, Jennie; we'll both be ever so much the happier for it."

Just for one brief moment she let herself rest upon his heart, and their lips met; then, with a long, low sigh, she drew herself away. "There would be so much to give up," she whispered. "We should both find it difficult."

"No, no," he cried eagerly. "There would be nothing to give up compared with what we would gain. Come, Jennie, make me happy by a word."

It trembled on her lips, the monosyllable which would have changed her whole life, but at the moment the door opened, and her trim page announced, "Mrs. Witherby."

Clement Dalzell went away in a rage.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Witherby was also a widow, but a lady of mature years, owning to eight-and-forty, with a daughter who looked nearly as old and several grandchildren. She had no household duties, no occupation, and took no interest in public affairs, centring her powers upon the interests and occupations of her neighbors. She was rather a trying person, and Genevive Sargent did not reckon her amongst her devoted friends.

"There, now," she said, dropping into the chair which Clement had recently abandoned, "I've frightened Mr. Dalzell away. Don't you wish me at the other side of the nowhere? I'm sure if I had had an idea I was interrupting such a nice little tete a tete, I wouldn't have come in; but I just wanted to tell you that Mrs. Vere has been in trouble with her servants again—what a wretched home she must have, always fighting with her cook," and so on and so on, until Genevive could have torn the feathers out of her fan with sheer vexation.

"Now, about Mr. Dalzell," the visitor said, lowering her voice. "My dear Mrs. Sargent, did you ever hear how he treated Amy Lawrence, or how badly he behaved to Susan Watkins? He was all but engaged to her, you know. Used to go to her father's place for the hunting every winter, and let the poor child imagine he was devoted to her, while all the time he was corresponding with Amy Lawrence. I saw the letters myself, so there could be no mistake about it."

"None whatever," Genevive said dreamily; "I know."

"Oh, do you? I thought he would have kept it from you. I daresay he told you they thought of bringing an action for breach of promise against him?"

"But they didn't," Genevive said, with a slight ring of impatience in her voice. "And—have you heard from Mrs. Gore lately?"

"From Fanny? no; I don't expect to hear every mail. Poor thing, she has quite enough to do with all those babies, and it worries me to have her continual complaints."

"I often wonder you don't go to her," Mrs. Sargent said. "The climate is lovely, and the voyage not in the least trying. I'm sure you would enjoy it."

Mrs. Witherby stared at her hostess in something not unlike defiance.

"Me?" she said. "Go to Australia?"

"Why not?" Genevive inquired innocently. "When your only daughter is there and, in broken health, is it not the most natural thing in the world for you to be with her?"

"Such a thing is out of the question," she replied sharply. "I never thought of it."

"Really! Now do you know I think that odd. If my only daughter was at the other side of the world, I would consider it my duty to be—if not under her roof—and circumstances might not allow of that—at least within call: and you have such sweet grandchildren, you know."

Perhaps the pretty widow had lost her temper, but she could not possibly have made a worse "hit" at the lady than this mention of her descendants—also, the implied hint of disagreement with her son-in-law.

In fact, the daintily uttered little speech cut all round, and the lady laid it up in the recesses of her memory as a debt to be discharged in due time.

She did not, as she intended, remain to dine with her friend, for Mrs. Sargent lighted a taper and glanced at the clock, with the remark that the Mudford Jakes dined at eight, and were rather particular as to the punctuality of their guests, which remark conveyed a hint, or something stronger, that the little lady did not wish her to stay.

Genevive was not going out to dinner, only she wished to be alone and have a quiet hour in which to meditate upon this change in circumstances which was being forced upon her. She had crossed the Rubicon. She knew she liked this man far more than she chose to acknowledge to herself, and she shut her eyes and thrilled. What if she consented and became his wife.

The loveless years would be forgotten, or atoned. She might hope for peaceful days, shielded by the affection of a man who had chosen her out of a world of women—a man who had never cared for any one but her.

There was something very sweet in that consciousness. As to those tales of Mrs. Witherby's telling, she knew what they were worth.

That girl, Susan Watkins, had schemed and plotted how she could get him into her power; and as to Amy Lawrence, she knew the truth of that story too. She could trust him, and she would trust him. If only he came back now!

He might know he was welcome; it was not unlikely he would return. He often had returned before. But the slow hours drew by, and he did not come back; neither did he write, as she expected.

The truth was that, upon leaving her, vexed at the turn things had taken, Clement Dalzell met an old friend, recently returned from India. The men belonged to the same club and were both young.

They dined together, and after dinner lounged into a well-known home of gay burlesque; and John Mather having one or two acquaintances in the corps de ballet, they spent a pleasant evening.

Mrs. Witherby went on to another friend's abode. This lady was an invalid, who seldom left her room, but who was always delighted to hear and repeat the local gossip which was Mrs. Witherby's staple commodity. In half-an-hour they

were discussing Mrs. Sargent's very marked flirtation "with that dangerous young man, Clement Daiseil," and by the following afternoon half that lady's intimate friends were speculating whether he would marry her—or she him.

He came the next afternoon, but Genevive's rooms were filled with her friends, who looked significantly at one another and whispered little comments upon their probable engagement. Impossible for him to outstay the crowd, as he had promised Mather to dine with him again, and perhaps again visit the charming troupe of damsels, who were so frankly pleased to see them—especially that charming blonde who sang the "patter" song, but whose blue eyes looked as if they had known tears.

The dinner was good, and the burlesque at the Hilarity improved upon a second visit; also, the pretty blonde with the pathetic blue eyes appeared far more interesting when he spoke to her the second time.

She held aloof from the others, and took no part in their jests, neither did she remain in the merry company after her duties were fulfilled.

"Pity for that nice little soul," Mather said, as they walked away together. "She comes of a highly-respectable lot. Knew her when she was a nice little girl in her teens—before I went out to India. Her people are Nonconformists; she was well brought up; never would have seen the inside of a theatre much less danced and sang in one—if her father hadn't married a second time. Second wife drew the cord too tight, and poor Tiny couldn't stand it. She ran off with a fellow in a cavalry regiment: decent lad—married her straight enough—but died in a year, and his people won't have anything to say to her. Her father, too, died about the same time. Step-mother took possession of every farthing, and won't allow her to have even her own mother's money. It's a hard case, and the creature hasn't the money to take proceedings against her step mother or her father-in-law. She sings her little song and dances her dance to keep herself and her baby. Poor Tiny"—and John Mather sighed.

"But, surely she could get some one to fight her battle," Clement said. "I'm certain I could put her in the way of it."

"It would be the greatest charity in life," Mather said hastily. "My dear fellow, she is just the nicest little creature in the world, and as straight as straight. She has all the proofs of her marriage—certificate and all that, and her mother's marriage settlement.

"The whole thing would be perfectly plain sailing to a man who understood such things. If it had been in my line, I'd have done it myself; but, you see, I'm not in the law, so my good intentions go for nothing."

"But I am in the law—and if I could help her——" Clement said impulsively.

"Look here! come round to her little place with me on Sunday afternoon. It's the only day she's free. You can talk things over with her, and see what's to be done."

Clement hesitated. Sunday had hitherto been devoted to Genevive, and how could he absent himself after that half admittal of her affection the other evening? But then, would not Jennie herself approve of his doing a chivalrous action, and helping a woman in distress? She would forgive him when he explained the circumstances. "I'll write," he thought; "that will be the best way."

Sunday came round in due course of time, and Clement accompanied his friend to the small but very comfortable rooms which "Mrs. Eglantine" occupied, in a quiet street so far west as to be miles beyond the magic circle of the West End.

Her case appeared so simple to the keen-eyed man of law as to be a foregone conclusion in her favor. He told her so. She looked at him with eyes which swam in tears.

"For baby's sake," she said, "not for my own, I thank you from my heart. I don't want my boy to grow up in the knowledge that his mother is singing low songs and dancing low dances upon the stage to feed and clothe him."

And Clement thought what a lovely thing maternal affection must be. Once he had taken the case in hand, he resolved to go into it thoroughly. To this end he made sundry excursions into the country, having more than one rather stormy interview with the starched step-mother, whose severity had driven his poor client from her father's house.

She told him her husband had excluded his lost child from all participation in his property, regarding her as his great disgrace, and that he had absolutely forbidden all mention of her name from the day she quitted his roof.

But Clement found out several discrepancies in the lady's statement, and a valuable assistant was discovered in the person of a local solicitor, who had done business for "Tiny's" father in time past. Daiseil had not the slightest difficulty in making out a case of "undue influence," and, with all the professional side of his character awake and alert, he half forgot the attraction in that pretty flat overlooking the park.

Spring glided on. He paid his visits to Genevive Sargent much as usual, and although he became quite as confidential as ever with her, somehow or other he omitted to mention "Tiny," whose name was in reality Eglantine Yorke. He told Mrs. Sargent he was engaged upon an important case, and said that in her presence he wished to forget there was such a thing as business in the world.

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Eglantine told him her pitiful story. After all, it was a very simple one, but told in the stillness of a Sunday afternoon, with the disinherited baby playing on the hearthrug, and the sad, soft blue eyes looking so innocently from the child to the man who was helping her to right that child's wrong, Daiseil found it very interesting.

Was it strange that he also found the shabby little room, with only a few poor cheap flowers to brighten it, almost as pleasant a lounge as that other dainty drawingroom, where costly exotics faded in the perfumed air, and where every chair was a perfect "sleepy Hollow" for luxury?

It was strange, too, that this blue-eyed woman, with her gentle, clinging manner and her almost childish reverence for his learning and ability, presented to his mind a far more feminine ideality than the beautiful queen who accepted his homage as her royal right.

Mather did not accompany him to the house in the far west now: he found Mrs. Sargent a far more congenial companion than the other widow, with her sad story and her low "cooing" voice; but he was loyal to his friend, and inside the walls of Mrs. Sargent's home, Mrs. Yorke's name was never mentioned.

But Genevive was ill at ease—Clement had been her bond-slave for so long that now she could not comprehend his defection. He came to her house, but with a woman's keen intuition she began to

"Know the change and feel it,"

long before she acknowledged the fact to her own heart.

He told her that he had staked his professional reputation on the winning of this case which was occupying his thoughts; but when she asked him to explain the nature of the action that could so interest a man who usually took life very easy, he merely said it was a will case—entirely a family matter—something of no public interest—and talked of other matters.

So the days slipped by, and Mather improved his opportunities with the well-dowered widow, until Mrs. Witherby whispered to her most intimate bosom friends that "Really, she thought Mrs. Sargent was not behaving well—because, after all, she had encouraged Daiseil to throw over Amy Lawrence, and it was cruel of her to flirt with his friend."

Some echoes of these remarks reached Jennie's ears and stung her, but she did not alter her manner to her new acquaintance, neither did she attempt to "draw" him with regard to Clement's preoccupation.

As the time drew near for the trial upon which the future of his gentle client depended, Daiseil became conscious of all the issues involved in it. Felix Yorke was a younger son at the time of his marriage; now his elder brothers were dead, and if the marriage was substantiated—and he had little doubt of its being so—the boy who was so dear to his gentle mother, was undoubted heir to a very respectable estate and the reversion of a title. The young lawyer held his tongue about this development of the case, waiting until he could speak with certainty.

In his devotion to the business he had in hand, he was constantly out of town, consulting the old solicitor, who was beating up evidence for him, and who, in a measure, had organised the case. Thus occupied, of course he could not accept half the invitations showered upon him, or even answer in due time the little notes he found piled upon his dressingtable upon his return from these excursions.

At length the day of the trial came. "When it is over," he thought, "I'll tell Jennie the whole story, and get her to call upon poor Tiny. The little thing will want a good deal of coaching up in social matters before she can meet the Yorkes upon equal ground. Poor child; she will be an apt pupil."

It never occurred to him that Genevive might be an unwilling teacher.

As he went to the courts he crushed a tiny note from Mrs. Sargent into his pocket. He just glanced at it, and, seeing it was an invitation to dinner, resolved to send a telegram in answer later on, when his thoughts were less occupied than at the present moment, just as his colleague had given him an important bit of information with regard to the case.

It was a triumph from first to last, and when the opposite counsel had ceased to cross-examine the fair plaintiff, Clement knew her cause was won. But she was forced to return home, as the child was not very well, and the case went on.

"I knew we'd do it," the old solicitor said, rubbing his hands. "I congratulate you, Mr. Daiseil. You made the most telling speech I ever heard. I say, have you telegraphed to her? She'll be anxious to hear, you know."

But Clement knew what he meant to do; and through the glow of a brilliant sunset, he dashed to the shabby little house, which he told himself would be to let in a few days, because the money he had won for Eglantine Yorke was a very considerable sum indeed, and as the mother of a prospective peer, she must move into a better locality without loss of time.

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Genevive Sargent put on her prettiest tea-gown: she had ordered a little dinner which would be a perfect poem in banquets. A bottle of '80 champagne was being iced to perfection, and some very choice Madeira, the cream of the deceased Sargent's cellar, was decanted.

She had herself seen to the decorations of her dinner table, and now, with her pretty, luxurious boudoir looking a perfect nest of repose, she sat and waited.

"I was a fool to treat him as I did that evening," she thought; "it will not be difficult to let him understand that I—that I regret having pained him—and now that he has been working so hard——"

She did not follow up that train of reasoning, but her mind went off at a tangent. What had been working up with such devotion? What was the special interest which had drawn him so much away? She had never stooped to ask him, but she would ask him now. She would put away all her pride, and suffer her heart to speak—now—now at last; and with the thought she looked at the little clock on her dainty writing table. It was half-past seven; in a few moments he would be here, and then——.

She let her head sink back on the cushions, and suffered her thoughts to wander wide. Faintly, as through a dream, she heard the sound of multitudinous life in the street below, and, in the park beyond, a thrush was singing, while through the stillness of her room she could hear the ticking of the little clock upon her table. The sounds grew fainter and fainter; the walls of her room seemed to expand, then contract again, and the room she saw round her was poor and shabby. It was filled with evening light, and in it sat a woman with a child upon her knee.

The woman was young and pretty, with fair hair, like the child's, and wistful blue eyes, which were fixed upon the door. She sprang to her feet, and put the child upon the shabby sofa, as the door opened and Clement Daiseil stood upon the threshold, his hands outstretched, his eyes glowing with pride and joy.

The woman looked at him, her face upraised in ecstasy, her hands clasped upon her throbbing bosom. He advanced towards her, and took those trembling hands, while he appeared to speak earnestly and emphatically to her.

She bowed her head and wept as she drew away from him. Then he cast his arms around her, and held her fast, as she lay weeping upon his heart. As he raised her face to meet his own, darkness closed upon them, and Genevive Sargent started from her trance as the clock was striking eight.

So short a time, so strange a revelation; but everything was made plain to her. She understood the whole matter. She had lost him, trifled with him once too often; and now another woman stood between them, and the happiness she had let slip was out of reach for ever.

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Next morning she had a brief note from him:

"So sorry not to have been able to dine with you to-night. Expect me to-morrow afternoon.

"Yours always,
"C. D."

She was so perfectly mistress of herself that when he arrived at four o'clock she met him with her usual smile.

"I am to offer my congratulations, I suppose," she said. "You seem to have made a very fine speech. You ought to have told me, because I would have gone to hear you speak. It must have been most interesting."

He was ill at ease as he replied that he did not like to see ladies in the law courts, but that if he had thought she would have cared——

"I thought you knew I cared," she said. "I am always interested in the fortunes of my friends," and she smiled upon him with the old brilliancy.

He thought after all this woman is the real mate for a man who wants to get on in the world, and made as if he would take her hand, but she swerved away.

"But your case was over early: at least, you could have come to tell me of your triumph in time for dinner," she said, still with her bright smile. "Where were you at a quarter-to eight last evening?"

His embarrassment increased.

"I? Oh, I went to tell my client," he stammered. "You see, she is very friendless."

"Ah!" the smile grew almost cruel. "And you had to go in person. Doubtless she was grateful. She is a charming person, is she not?"

"I don't know. She is a pretty little thing," he faltered.

"Affectionate, I suppose, and most grateful to you?" Genevive Sargent could be merciless when she chose. "She was a dancer at the Hilarity."

"You read her evidence?"

"Not all of it, it did not interest me. So you went to her after you had won her cause? and she was grateful, flew to your arms, et cetera."

He looked wonderingly at her.

"Who told you?" he stammered.

"No one told me; only deny it if you can. I saw you meet—saw it all as I sat here in this room—this chair. Everything was made plain to me, the secret of your extraordinary change," she reddened to her brow, "and I understand. You need not try to defend yourself. I am quite ready to acknowledge that I was in fault. I told you that I had not much faith in men; recent experiences have not taught me to alter my opinions."

"Jennie!" he cried passionately, "will you not be just to a fellow? Will you not give me a chance of speaking in my own defence?"

"There is no need," she answered icily. "I shall not forbid you my house—that would be making quite too much of an affair, which after all is not of such consequence—but the old footing is destroyed."

He knew it was, as he went down the familiar steps and made his way to the shabby room in Hammersmith, where Eglantine received him as her beneficent Providence.

It was not very wonderful that the man found in her child-like devotion and passionate gratitude healing medicine for his wounded vanity, and some consolation for the loss of that other woman, who married John Mather, and queens it nobly at the Residency in the Hills, where she holds her little court of Anglo-Indians.

Truth to tell, she was glad to get away from London, and the Mrs. Witherbys thereof, who vexed her with stories of "The dreadful mess poor Clement Daiseil had made of his life."

But society has long since forgotten that the pretty woman who presides at the table, and who always looks so sweet and winsome, sang "patter songs" and danced at the Hilarity for her daily bread, especially since her boy is Sir Felix Yorke, and Clement is nursing his property to such an advantage that he will be a rich man when he comes to his estate.

Has he ever regretted the step which parted him from that other woman? Perhaps not, but there are times when he feels that after all, although clinging affection is all very well in its way, a man with duties in life requires something stronger, and, possibly, had he to live his life over again, he would act differently.

For Genevive Mather in her Indian home there are no more dreams. Her husband is her most devoted slave; but she has not yet forgiven herself for letting slip the chance of happiness which once lay in her hands, and which she threw away.

# The Sexton's Story.

BY O. H. K.

IT was in a pretty, old-fashioned, country churchyard that I heard the following story. The sexton had been at work at a little distance, but he observed the interest with which I had stopped to gaze upon a straight shaft of white marble, on which was cut the simple inscription

BIANCA MORELLI.
Aged 17.

They are shrewd readers of the human countenance, those old sextons, and mine must have told him that I longed to know the story attached to that brief obituary.

"She was an Italian," he began; but for the reader's benefit I will translate his queer phraseology into ordinary English, since I cannot reproduce the queer and quavering voice of the speaker.

"I never beheld a prettier girl; eyes as big and dark and shiny; a complexion like ivory, and the reddest lips. She was a fine figure of a girl, too; tall and elegant, though slight; and the regular blue-black hair that I've heard belongs to that kind of beauty. Her family consisted of an uncle and aunt, and their son, to whom she was engaged to be married, and whom she seemed to hate worse than poison.

"It isn't likely that I would ever have known the family affairs of folks so far above me, even in a country place like this, where everything gets talked of, more or less, but for the circumstance that I possessed a nephew, who was about the handsomest young fellow that ever the sun shone upon. He was as fair as the Signora Morelli was dark; his eyes were blue, like violets, and his hair like gold; and, bless you, sir, when these two young people first saw each other it was as clear a case of love at first sight as any other Romeo and Juliet, and just as natural as the flame between fire and tow.

"My nephew—his name was Reginald, and we called him Rex for short—was the organist of the little church over yonder, and the young lady sang in the choir, though she was such a grand one. She had a voice like an angel, and she used to say God gave women such voices to sing His praises.

"In that way the two young people first met and their acquaintance progressed rapidly, as you may suppose. The cousin to whom the Signorina was engaged used to come to church with her. I reckon that Italian fellow loved the girl in his fierce way as well as he could ever love anything, though it was thought he cared most about her money.

"Of course, he was as jealous as a Turk, and if looks could have killed, poor Rex would not have lived long to be his rival. But neither my brave Rex nor Miss Bianca cared a bit for the Signor's black looks, and then, you must know, the young lady never really agreed to the engagement. It was all made up by her relatives, and she always declared she would die rather than marry her cousin, declaring boldly that she loved Rex Haywood, and would never marry any other man.

"For my own part, I must own that I often trembled and turned cold at the looks that scowling, black-eyed Italian used to throw at my nephew; but when I used to warn the daring young fellow, he just answered with a shrug or laugh, and once he added.—

"'This time next year, uncle, Bianca will be my wife, in spite of all their black looks, for she will be of age then, and that will end the guardianship of as black-hearted a pair as ever had power over an angel. How they ever dared to bring her here is more than I can imagine; but, of course, they have some powerful hold on her property in her native land, or they never would have taken the risk to bring her to a free country like this; and then they hoped she would have been homesick and lonely, and more easily broken to their will in a strange land. But they didn't count on me, you see,' he finished off, with a gay laugh. "it didn't occur to them that this country produces enterprising young men.'

"And, with his bright face shining with triumph and merriment, he hurried away to the church to practise his music for the next Sunday. But it was a very different music that he played when that sad day came, for on the very next morning I tolled the bell for Bianca Morelli, who had been found cold and still and white when her maid entered to dress her for breakfast. This was a Friday, and the funeral was set for Sunday, and you may be sure, in a place like this, there was plenty of talk about the sudden death and the hurried burial.

"But my nephew—poor Rex!—said nothing. He seemed turned to stone, but he played the most beautiful music that ever was heard in our church for the funeral service of the girl he loved; and, though they wouldn't allow him to go near the grand mahogany coffin in the church, I took care he should help me to lower it into the grave, and he stood beside me and dropped a great bunch of red roses down on to it as I began to shovel in the earth.

"Well, well, my poor Rex! I hope I may never see such a face of despair again; and as I glanced at him from time to time I felt sure that his would be the next grave I should fill in.

"It was late that night, and I was just thinking of going to bed, though Rex hadn't come home; and I was mighty uneasy about him, when I heard the click of the door downstairs as it opened and shut, and then I recognised his step, quick and hurried, as he came upstairs—not a bit like the slow, dragging steps of the last two nights, but even lighter and quicker than it used to be; and I hadn't done wondering when the door opened, and the next moment he was beside me—wild, haggard, pale as death, and with his great blue eyes almost starting from his head! I'm not a nervous man, but I jumped up, worse scared than if I had seen a ghost. Before I could utter a word, for my voice failed me, Rex caught me hard by the arm and whispered, hoarsely:

"'Don't speak, uncle, but just listen. Bianca isn't dead. I hope and believe she is not dead! Look!—read!" and he held before my eyes a scrap of paper, on which was scrawled these words:

"'Rex, my darling, if I die, or seem to die, believe them not! Have me taken from the coffin within twelve hours of my burial, and all may yet be well. You will not fail me, dearest. Adieu! 'BIANCA.'

"I read this extraordinary message over more than once before I took in its meaning, but as it flashed on me, I saw as well as Rex how little time we had to lose, and I forestalled his words.

"'Come on, in Heaven's name!' I whispered. 'It must be close on twelve o'clock, and as safe as it will ever be for such a work. Fortunately, it's pitch black night, and all the moon there was has gone hours ago. Come on!'

"While I spoke I found a little dark lantern, and we were already descending the stairs, and next moment we were stealing through the churchyard, with my pick and shovel in hand, which I had caught up as we passed by the outhouse where I had kept them. It was terrible work; but in less time than I had ever used a spade before the newly-made grave was opened, the coffin rifled of its precious contents, which Rex and I carried to our home, wrapped up in a huge shawl which I had brought for the purpose.

"Oh, my! But it was the uncanniest night's work that ever I did since the hour I was born! We laid the body on my bed, and we chafed the cold, white hands, and listened in vain at the pulseless heart. But I saw no sign of life. She was as beautiful as a figure of alabaster and as lifeless, for aught that I could see; but Rex declared that she was not dead.

"So, as it was necessary that I should restore the empty coffin and fill in the grave again, I was obliged to leave him there, on his knees beside her, wildly kissing the poor, cold hands and calling on her to open her lovely eyes to see her lover by her. But I had no hope that anything but some fearful trouble would come of it, and marveling and terrified as to what might be the end of the business, I hastened away to the work that awaited me.

"But they were right, and like a stupid old man I was wrong; for when I returned the trance-like sleep was broken, and the soul had awakened within that apparently lifeless form, and the lovers sat holding each others hands, her head resting on his shoulder, while he sought to calm the fearful agitation which had taken possession of her now that she began to realize the horror of all that had happened.

"Ah! that was a brave girl, and a story-writer might fill a volume with her history and all she went through in those few months from the time of her first meeting with Rex till this awful night. But I must cut it short, for the night is coming on. To be brief, then: She had never told Rex half or indeed a tenth part, of what she suffered with those wicked relations of hers, especially the cousin who wanted to marry her.

"At last their persecution reached a point when she could bear no more, and she discovered a plot by which she was to be hurried away to Italy, unknown to any one, and she knew well that she would never see Rex again in this world if this plan should be carried out. She was in despair.

"The Italian saw that she had discovered the plot, and she was immediately locked in her room, all communication with the outer world cut off. Even her maid was in the pay of her relatives, as she knew, but the girl seemed to love her personally, and, driven to the last extremity, she found herself obliged to make a confidant of her, and to trust her life to this girl's discretion.

"She proved worthy, and gave her entire assistance to her young mistress. They concocted the desperate plan, which, by means of some mysterious Italian drug, they managed to carry out, with such result as I have described; and while I was still listening to a story more wonderful than any romance I had ever read this same faithful servant joined us.

"'I found the door open,' she said to the Signorina, 'and hearing voices, knew all was well, and came directly here.'

"But it was easy to see from the young lady's agitation that all was not well; and I guessed that if some change was not coming soon she was in danger of dying in earnest from excitement, and consequent exhaustion. My mind was speedily made up. I knew our good minister to be one good man picked out of ten thousand, and I was soon at his bedside, telling him the whole story while I helped him to dress.

"Never have I seen a man more dazed; but he soon took in the situation, and helped us out of our perplexity. He went with me directly, and a special license was obtained at once by Rex, so that next day the young couple were married and driven by me (in the minister's one-horse chay) to a distant railway station, where they took the first train for London.

Of course I need not say that Maria, the maid, accompanied them. She had proved herself invaluable in bringing clothes for her mistress and a box of valuable jewels on which Rex raised a large sum of money when they reached London.

"The next day there was a great hue and cry over the disappearance of Maria, whom the Italians called a thief and a monster of ingratitude; but they never suspected the real cause of the girl's running away. All this happened years ago, sir; but I hear from my nephew now that his wife is at length so strong and well that they are going to make their appearance before the Italian cousin and claim the Signorina's great fortune, which that villain has been enjoying ever since his return to Italy.

"I don't doubt but there will be a great time over it, but we will be able to prove our story—for there is the empty coffin below there, and the living occupant; myself, who played such an important part, and the minister who married them, thank Heaven! is still alive and hearty. And now good evening sir; I've my work to finish, but I suppose you don't wonder now that I laugh when when I look at that handsome white marble headstone?"

## TO SEEK SALVATION

[Congratulations of the Chinese, like everything else pertaining to this queer people, are peculiar. The salutation between two Chinamen of the better class when they meet consists in each clasping his own hands, instead of each other's, and bowing very profoundly, almost to the ground, several times.

A question more common than "How do you do?" is "Have you eaten rice?" It is taken for granted that if you have eaten rice you are well.

Etiquette also requires that in conversation each shall compliment the other and everything belonging to him in the most laudatory style, and depreciate himself and all pertaining to him to the lowest point. The following is no exaggeration, though not the precise words:

"What is your honorable name?"

"My insignificant appellation is Wong."

"Where is your magnificent palace?"

"My contemptible hut is on Dupont street."

"How many are your illustrious children?"

"My vile worthless brats are five."

"How is the health of your distinguished spouse?"

"My mean good-for-nothing old woman is well."

TYPE WRITING machines have lessened the demand for steel pens.

# At Home and Abroad.

The German Empress has, during the last year, grown much stouter, and she is seriously thinking of trying some cure, as she has a great horror of growing too fat. For some time after her illness of a year ago the Empress was very thin, and it is only within the last few months that she has increased so much in size. It was very much remarked by every one at the marriage of the Princess Alexandra of Coburg to the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe Langenburg.

According to report an interesting experiment is soon to be made in the Joliet (Ill.) penitentiary. It is proposed to have [illegible] suits for prisoners indicative of their department. Green suits will be worn by prisoners of good behavior, cadet gray by those who are less orderly, and red by those who are extremely unruly. It is claimed, and justly so, that this innovation will give the convict the idea that he can make an advance in his fellow-man's opinion, even while confined behind prison bars. It will doubtless reclaim many, too, who are just starting out upon a new career of crime.

A well known South Stamford (Conn.) man is much displeased with himself for having taught his better half to ride a wheel. Since she learned to master the machine, upon her husband's bike in the back yard, she sighed for a wheel of her own. Owing to a stringency in the domestic money market, however, the immediate purchase of another wheel was out of the question. She was determined to have a bike, however, and woman's wit again came to the front. She exchanged her husband's machine for a lady's wheel, and now her other half is obliged to remain at home while she goes a wheeling.

American tourists who invade Europe at this season of the year can rest assured that they will find plenty of accommodations there, at least in Switzerland. Recent statistics show that in 1891 that country possessed 7637 hotels and "pensions," or boarding houses, containing 82 655 beds, and representing a capital of 511 750,000 francs, which affords, on an average, a revenue of 7 per cent. The wages of the 20,-810 servants employed in those hotels amounted only to 7 676 000 francs. As to the tourists who passed through Switzerland in that year, 3 per cent. were Germans, 2 per cent. English, 1 per cent. French and 7 per cent. Americans.

The late Lord Granville was fond of telling a story at his own expense. When the late Shah of Persia visited London a few years ago Lord Granville was the British Foreign Minister, and at the suggestion of the Queen spoke to the Persian Monarch about the advisability of having fewer executions in Persia. The Shah replied that so long as capital crimes were committed capital punishment must exist, but that there were really not many executions in Persia. In fact, he added, the last execution that had taken place before his departure was at the personal request of the British Minister at Teheran. Lord Granville said he dropped the subject and began to talk about the weather.

A Cleveland paper says that a young bachelor of Buffalo recently gave a bachelor's dinner to eighteen of his friends. All the details were of the most lavish description, and, to wind up with, the host had prepared a dozen and a half of lamp lighters, each made from a twisted one dollar bill. These were placed alongside of each plate, in readiness for the passing of the cigars. But the fates had a better use in store for these twisted ones. Long before the cigars were reached the guests had toyed with small bottles until they couldn't tell a lamplighter from a corkscrew. Then it was the turn of the wily waiters. Skilfully removing the precious lighters, they substituted matches at every plate, and had the satisfaction of seeing the cigars go round without anybody missing the bills.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
SEAL. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
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# Our Young Folks.

## KING LAUNCELOT THE FAIR.

BY P. L.

THE young king heaved a deep sigh, and his dutiful courtiers, from Sir Grandiose, the prime minister, to Master Jinks, the jester, likewise heaved deep sighs.

His majesty had been very melancholy for some weeks past, but to-day he seemed more so than usual.

Master Jinks had tried off his very choicest jokes, but they had had no effect, and the jester, who was a privileged person, felt justly offended.

His Majesty was by no means a handsome young man. Indeed, if he had not been a king, people would have called him a "hideous little monster;" but, of course, a king can never be ugly, and so they called him "King Launcelot the Fair."

One day his mother, the former queen, was out for a walk with her royal baby, when a big black dog came walking towards her wagging its tail.

The queen was a very nervous lady, and this so affected her that, with a shriek of "Lawks-a-mercy me!" she dropped the infant prince.

The future king did not scream, but he gave a little moan, and when he was picked up it was found that his spine was damaged.

The royal baby became a royal boy, and the royal boy became a king; but alas! though he could grow to be a king, he could not grow to be a man like other men.

If Launcelot "the Fair" had looked in a mirror he would have seen that he was a poor hunchbacked little creature, with his head sunk between his shoulders, and an ugly white face full of wrinkles. But he did not do so, for there were no mirrors to look in.

When the former king had perceived that his son was a hunchback, he made a law that no mirrors should be allowed in the kingdom.

So Launcelot "the Fair" had grown up without ever seeing himself, and when his courtiers told him that he was the handsomest man in the kingdom, he quite believed them.

The king, who for some time had done nothing but sigh, at last broke the silence by saying in a melancholy voice to master Jinks:

"Wert thou ever in love, good jester?"

"Was I ever in love?" cried the jester indignantly. "Has your Majesty ever had dinner? Why, I have been in love more times than there are days in the year!"

"And you are alive to tell the tale?" cried the king.

"I have a strong constitution, your Majesty. The ladies, poor things, cannot help loving me. They love me as a fly loves treacle, as a donkey loves a carrot, as a cat loves a mouse—it comes natural."

"What are the symptoms of love, good Master Jinks?" said the king.

"Well," said the jester, "one feels a peculiar kind of all over-so feeling."

"Ah!" cried the king; "then I too must be in love, for I too have that feeling."

"When did it first come on?" asked the court doctor.

"The other morning," said the king, "I was wandering through the woods alone, when I heard the sound of singing. I walked toward the music, and suddenly came upon a young girl, seated upon a little stool, milking a snow-white cow, and at the same time singing in so cheerful a voice that I was quite enchanted. She was the most beautiful maiden I have ever seen, and I had scarcely cast eyes upon her before that peculiar feeling came over me that Master Jinks described."

"Your Majesty is verily in love," said Sir Grandiose.

"Does anybody know the maiden?" asked the king.

A handsome young knight stepped forward.

"Your Majesty," he said, "it is Little Rosebud, the miller's daughter. She and I were children together, and now we love each other dearly. Most gracious Majesty," cried the young knight, with tears in his eyes, "on my bended knee I pray thee pity me! My Little Rosebud loves me dearly, and could not live without me!"

"Little Rosebud no longer loves you," said the king. "You forget, Sir Courteous, that she has now seen me, and that I am a king, and, as everybody knows, the handsomest man in my kingdom! Is it not so, my lords?" he said turning to his courtiers.

"King Launcelot the Fair! King Launcelot the Handsome!" shouted the flattering nobles.

The young knight, Sir Courteous, looked at the little, hunchbacked king, and turned first red with anger, then pale with despair, but he dared not say a word.

The next morning the king and his whole court, dressed in their finest garments, wended their way through the wood.

When they came into the open, they saw Little Rosebud milking her snow-white cow.

When she saw so large a procession of knights, she dropped a curtsey and blushed, and Little Rosebud looked more like a rose than ever.

"Pretty maiden," said the king, "I am Launcelot the Fair, king of all this country. As far as your eye can stretch I have land, and as much as your mind can think I have riches. But if you will be my wife all shall be yours. Little Rosebud," said the king, bending on one knee, "will you be my queen?"

Little Rosebud blushed and hung her head.

"Your Majesty is very good," she said, "but Sir Courteous and I have loved each other for many a long day."

The king started to his feet, red in the face with anger.

"Sir Courteous shall pay dearly for your love," he cried. "My lords," he said, turning to his courtiers, "seize that man, and cast him into my deepest dungeon, so that he may never more see the light of day!"

Little Rosebud threw herself at the king's feet and implored him to spare Sir Courteous. But the king was pitiless, and the young knight was seized by the nobles and cast into a dungeon.

For one long, weary year he lay in his narrow prison, where the rays of the sun could never enter, thinking of the days when he had been so happy with Little Rosebud.

For one long, weary year Little Rosebud milked her snow-white cow, day by day, but the woods were no longer made cheerful by her sweet voice, and the tears fell from her eyes as she thought of her young knight lying on the dungeon floor.

One day the king was wandering through the woods, feeling very melancholy, when he approached the edge of a lake. The sun was high in the heavens, and the air was so still and quiet that there was not a ripple upon the silvery water, and it was as bright and clear as a mirror.

The king was looking pensively down at the water at his feet, when he suddenly started with surprise. He saw on the surface of the water the strangest object in the world.

It was the figure of a very ugly little man with a large hump on his back, and was altogether such a comical-looking object that the king burst into a loud laugh. But as he did so he noticed that the figure was laughing too—although, of course, it did not make a sound.

"How very strange!" cried the king. "I must run back and ask my courtier what this hideous little monster can be."

With a parting look at the figure, King Launcelot the Fair set off running as fast as his crooked little legs could carry him.

"My lords," he cried to his courtiers, in great excitement, "there is a hideous little monster in the lake, the like of which I have never seen! Come quick, before it disappears!"

Sir Grandiose, the prime minister; Master Jinks, the jester; the court doctor, and all the court ran as quickly as they could through the woods towards the lake.

But when they looked over into the water they could see nothing but their own reflections. When King Launcelot came up they cried with great disappointment—

"It is gone, your majesty! The animal has disappeared!"

The king advanced to the edge of the water and looked down. To his great astonishment he saw the faces of all his courtiers reflected in the water.

When he bent over he saw also that a new face appeared—the face of the hideous little monster he had seen before!

For a moment Launcelot the Fair did not understand.

Then the truth suddenly dawned upon him. He grew pale as death, and with a cry of pain flung himself on the ground and burst into tears.

His courtiers stood round him silently, and none dared to say a word. Suddenly the poor hunchbacked king got up and turned to the nobles with anger.

"Leave me, you false and flattering men!" he cried. "How did you dare call me 'Launcelot the Fair,' 'Launcelot the handsome,' knowing that I was a hunchback and an ugly monster? Go to my dungeon and set free the young Sir Courteous, and tell him that Launcelot the Hunchback asks his pardon. Alas!" cried the king, his anger changing to tears, "I now understand why Little Rosebud could not love me!"

The courtiers slunk off one by one, feeling very much ashamed of themselves, and before the sun had sunk in the west, Sir Courteous was free.

Many years have passed since then, and Sir Courteous had wedded Little Rosebud. There is no longer a King Launcelot "the Fair," but the land is ruled by a king whom his people call Launcelot "the Good." Our friend Master Jinks is still alive, and if you met him he would tell you that "Beauty is but skin deep, after all."

LABOR UNIONS IN CHINA.—There are many peculiarities in the Chinese labor unions; perhaps the most striking is the minute division of labor. Take for illustration the silk weavers' unions. All those who weave silk of a certain design form a union by themselves and those who weave silk of a different design form a different union.

The mahogany cabinetmakers have a union separate from the union of the rosewood cabinetmakers.

Men who draw landscapes on the Chinese fans have a union different from that of those who draw flowers and birds.

In short, there is a union in each particular department of work. Thus, a single article may have passed through the hands of many unions before it comes into market, writes Walter N. Fong in the Chautauquan for June.

In China there are several holidays in the year which people of all stations and classes observe.

These are the new year, the fifth day of the fifth month and the fifteenth day of the eighth month.

The last of the three is for the worship or praise of the moon. After this day the busy season of the year for all tradesmen begins.

From this time on until the new year all craftsmen are expected to work later at night than during other seasons of the year, and as a rule their wages are increased during this period.

Besides these holidays each union has its own holidays; that is, the days of birth and death of the supposed originator of its particular occupation.

To celebrate the national holidays the employers always prepare a feast for their employes. But when a union observes its own holidays its members contribute some money and have a banquet in a restaurant or hotel.

An interesting peculiarity of these unions should be mentioned here, and that is the massing of the same industries in the same street.

In China there is no very large manufactory, most of them employing about thirty or fifty men each, and all the manufactories producing the same commodity are located in the same street.

This gives rise to the custom of calling such streets by the name of the commodity manufactured there, instead of by their proper names.

HOW HE GOT HIS LOBSTER DINNER.—A story is told of the manner in which a lover of lobsters secured one of these delicious shellfish.

The man so fond of lobsters was wistfully regarding a basket of them in the market, with his dog by his side, while another bystander was sticking the end of his cane into one of the disengaged claws of a big fellow at the top.

"How he does hold on!" said the man with the cane.

"Yes," responded the man with the dog, "but it is because he darts the cane, and his claws won't slip on the wood, but he couldn't hold on to you and I in that way. When he feels anything givin' a lobster always stops pinchin'."

"I rather think not," said the owner of the lobsters; "you put your dog's tail in that there claw, and you'll see whether he'll hold on to't or not."

No sooner said than done. The lobster lover lifted up his dog, dropped his tail into the open claw, which closed instanter, and the dog ran off yelling and howling at the top of his speed.

"Ha ha!" exclaimed the owner of the basket. "Whistle back your dog, he's runnin' off with my lobster!" "Whistle back your lobster!" rejoined the other. "That dog ain't coming back. That dog's in pain. I can't get him to come near me when he's in pain." The owner of the cur dined that day upon as fine a lobster as was in the basket.

## THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The hair of the cashmere goat is about [illegible]

Cans made of paper pulp are used in an substitutes for the ordinary tin can.

From gas tar has been extracted an oil identical with that of bitter almonds.

The solid constituents of milk average from ten to fourteen per cent. of its weight.

The bank of England contains silver ingots which have lain in its vaults since [illegible]

The property of the Salvation Army in the United States is valued at nearly $3,000,000.

It is a well-known fact that oxen and sheep fatten much better when in company than when kept alone.

A speed of a mile in fifty-eight seconds is claimed for a motor cycle exhibited at the Imperial Institute, London.

The first newspaper is said to have been the Boston News Letter, first issued in 1704. It was a half sheet, 12 by 18 inches.

There are 10,146,420 acres of timber lands in the Southern States, and the average yield of these forests is 300 feet per acre.

The first American railroad was laid in 1826. It was three miles long, from the granite quarries of Quincy, Mass., to Neponset river.

In China a large proportion of business is done on credit, and there are but three pay days in the year, in May, July, and De[illegible]

The Soar family of Ambaston, Derbyshire, England, have a curious heirloom in the shape of a loaf of bread which is now over 200 years old.

The Metropolitan Traction Company of New York is about to experiment with compressed air as the motive power on part of their system.

A healthy man respires sixteen to twenty times a minute, or over twenty thousand times a day; a child from twenty five to [illegible]

Elephants in Africa are becoming so scarce that it is proposed to establish reservations for them on territory under British protection, like Somaliland.

Lander, Wyoming, a town of nearly 1,000 inhabitants, enjoys the distinction of being the farthest removed from a railway of any incorporated town in the United States.

Spain is very rich in all kinds of metals used in manufactures, especially iron, copper, tin, quicksilver and lead, and in 1895 she exported them to the amount of $18,000,000.

Chicago is contemplating using as a soldiers' monument the big stone pillar quarried in Wisconsin for exhibition at the Columbian Exposition. It is the largest monolith in the world, being 100 feet long.

China has taken another forward step. The Government of that country announces its purpose to become a member of the Postal U[illegible] which now embraces nearly every [illegible] in the world.

A Wisconsin land improvement company, with a main irrigation canal twenty feet wide and six feet deep, has reclaimed twenty five square miles of good farming land in the Muskegon Lake region.

In at least one city in the United States, Montpelier, Vt., a locomotive tire hangs in a church tower and is used as a fire alarm gong, giving a very clear and penetrating sound when struck by the striker.

The Hottentots are said to rejoice at the appearance of a swarm of locusts, although the destructive insects destroy all the vegetation in the district. The natives eat them in such quantities that they soon become perceptibly fatter.

A general, simultaneous census of the world for the year 1901 is asked for by the International Statistical Institute. It can be taken, if slight modifications in the time of their regular censuses are made by the chief countries of the world.

A peculiar case of rabies has occurred in Cheshire, England. A black retriever bit [illegible] killed, [illegible] bitch to calves which undoubtedly died of [illegible]

Scotland claims the credit of having the smallest burial ground in the world. It is situated in the town of Culross, between Bridge street and High street. It measures only 22½ by 14½ feet, and is surrounded by a rickety wall about 7 feet high. It has been closed as a burial ground for many years.

Probably the youngest married couple in the United States are now living in Tennessee. Claiborne Lawson, aged 14 years, and Annie Kane, aged, 12, were married there about three weeks ago. This young pair live in a large cleft or hole in a bluff on the Cumberland river, about four miles from Huntsville.

German cyclists have an effectual way of getting rid of troublesome dogs. Bicycle bombs are now manufactured in the Fatherland—small, but extremely noisy explosives, which exercise a magical effect upon the ear of aggressive propensities. A dog in Germany thinks twice now before attempting to molest people on wheels.

### LOSS AND GAIN.

BY E. P. O.

If the June rose could guess
Before the sunbeam wooed her from the bud,
And reddened into life her faint young blood,
What blight should fall upon her loveliness,
What darkness of decay, what shroud of snow—
Would the rose ever blow?

If the wild lark could feel
When first between two worlds he carolled clear,
Voicing the ecstasy of either sphere,
What apathy of song should o'er him steal,
What broken accents and what faltering wing—
Would the lark ever sing?

Alas, and yet alas,
For glory of existence that shall pass!
For pride of beauty and for strength of song!
Yet were the untried life a deeper wrong,
Better a single throb of being win,
Than never to have been!

### OFF TO SIBERIA.

The sight of a body of Russian convicts, hopelessly traveling over the plains on the way to Siberia, arouses the deepest sympathy, and is seldom forgotten. Among them, very likely, are many innocent persons, men and women, doomed to banishment for life because of some political reasons, or because they have aroused the dislike of dignitaries with influence enough to have them for ever removed from their path.

You see a marshy plain, where the icy winds blow freely, driving before it the snow that begins to cover the frozen soil. Morasses, with small shrubs or crumpled trees, bent down by wind and snow, spread as far as the eye can reach. The next village is twenty miles distant. Low mountains, covered with thick pine forests, mingling with the gray snow-cloud, rise in the dust on the horizon.

A track, marked all along by poles to distinguish it from the surrounding plain, ploughed and rugged by the passage of thousands of cars, covered with ruts that break down the hardest wheels, runs through the naked plain.

The party slowly moves along this road. In front, a row of soldiers opens the march. Behind them heavily advance the hard-labor convicts, with half-shaved heads, wearing gray clothes, with a yellow diamond on the back, and open shoes worn out by the long journey, and exhibiting the tatters in which the wounded feet are wrapped. Each convict wears a chain riveted to his ankles, its rings being twisted into rags—if the convict has collected enough of alms during his journey to pay the blacksmith for riveting it loosely on his feet. The chain goes up each leg and is suspended to a girdle.

Another chain closely ties both hands, and a third chain binds together six or eight convicts. Every false movement of any of the pack is felt by all his chain-companions; the feebler is dragged forward by the stronger, and he must not stop.

Behind the hard-labor convicts march those who are condemned to settle in Siberia, wearing the same gray cloth and the same kind of shoes. Soldiers accompany the party on both sides, meditating perhaps the order given at the departure:

"If one of them runs away, shoot him down. If he is killed, five roubles reward for you, and a dog's death to the dog!"

In the rear you discover a few cars that are drawn by small, attenuated cat-like peasants' horses. They are loaded with the bags of sick convicts, with the sick or dying, who are fastened with ropes on the top of the load.

Behind the cars hasten the wives of the convicts; a few have found a free corner on a loaded car, and crouch there when unable to move further; while the great number march behind the cars, leading their children by the hands, or bearing them on their arms.

Dressed in rags, freezing under the gusts of the cold wind, cutting their almost naked feet on the frozen ruts, how many of them despairingly exclaim, "These tortures, how long will they last?"

In the rear comes a second detachment of soldiers, who drive with the butt-ends of their rifles those women who stop exhausted in the freezing mud of the road. The procession is closed by the car of the commander of the party.

As the car enters some great village, it begins to sing the "Miloserdnaya"—the "charity song." They call it a song, but it is hardly that. It is a succession of woes escaping from hundreds of breasts at once, a recital in very plain words expressing with a childish simplicity the sad fate of the convict—a horrible lamentation by means of which the Russian exile appeals to the mercy of other miserables like himself. Centuries of suffering, of pains and misery, of persecutions that crush down the most vital of the people, are heard in these recitals and shrieks.

These tones of deep sorrow recall the tortures of the last century, the stifled cries and sticks and whips in our own time, the darkness of the cellars, the wildness of the woods, the tears of the starving wife.

The peasants of the villages on the Siberian highway understand these tones; they know their true meaning from their own experience, and the appeal of the "sufferer," as the Russian peasants call all prisoners, is answered by the poor.

The most destitute widow, signing herself with the cross, brings her coppers or her piece of bread, and deeply bows before the "chained" sufferer, grateful to him for not disdaining her small offering.

CLEANEST IN THE WORLD.—The cleanest town in the world is said to be in Broek, in Holland. It is only a few miles from the capital, and has been famous for its cleanliness from time immemorial. It is also notable on account of the fanciful style of its houses and yards and gardens and streets.

The people, though only peasants, are all well-to-do, and it is evident that they feel a just pride in their town. It seems to be the first business of their lives to keep their houses freshly painted, their gardens in perfect order, and their yards and streets as clean as a parlor.

Though the raising of stock and the making of butter and cheese are their occupations, a stranger would never imagine that there were any cattle in the region, unless he went to the beautiful green meadows at the back of the houses, or the stables out there, where cows are kept in stalls scrubbed and washed like a kitchen.

No cattle are allowed in the streets, which are too fine and neat for the feet of the animals to step on; while the roadways are paved with a bright kind of stone, intermingled with bricks of different colors, and are kept scrupulously clean.

## Grains of Gold.

Who overcomes by force hath overcome but half his foe.

The man who makes others fear him, has reason to fear them.

The less we have, the more we give, when we give as we should.

People who live only for themselves are always little, no matter how big they feel.

Win a child's heart, and you will have something that will brighten two lives—yours and his.

He who says that there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.

The training of children is an occupation where we must know how to lose time in order to gain it.

Few of us are without the sad experience that faith once shaken is ever after suspicious of betrayal.

It is with diseases of the mind as with diseases of the body; we are half-dead before we understand our disorder, and half-cured when we do.

## Femininities.

In choosing a wife always select one that will wash.

A cutaway jacket is the proper costume for an elopement.

She: So you wouldn't take me to be twenty! What would you take me for? He: For better for worse!

There are 600 women journalists, editors and authors in England and Wales, according to the last census reports.

A gentleman, calling to see a friend, asked for "the boss of the house." He was taken to the nursery to see the baby.

A "Society for the Encouragement of Young Men Desiring to Marry" is organizing among the young ladies of Rondout, N. Y.

Wizwag: I understand you are working for seven dollars a week. Jorzig: You're mistaken. I get seven dollars a week but I'm working for ten.

"The dear little things," said an old nurse, of her mistress' twin children; "one looks so much like both, you can't tell 'tother from which!"

Down in Georgia any male citizen over 21 years of age can get fame for $5, that being the regular fee in the weekly papers for the "announcement" of a candidate for office.

Chicago pickpockets, after relieving an Iowa farmer of a wallet containing $125 and a number of valuable papers, returned the latter to him by express some days later.

"Is there any sure way of knowing when a man is meaning to propose?" asked the bud. "You needn't worry about that," said the belle. "The knowledge comes by nature. The most important thing is to know when he isn't going to."

A feather bed on which they were sleeping saved the lives of two women at Bonne Terre, Mo., last week. Lightning struck the house, hit the bed, set the shuck mattress in a blaze, but the feathers diverted the electricity from the women.

"They say she died of a broken heart," said the first woman as they came up the car steps. "I don't believe it," sharply replied No. 2. "But why?" "Why? Because she had as many as six new bonnets a year, and not one of them cost less than fifteen dollars."

"I say, Phil, who is that pretty girl I saw you walking with last Sunday?" "Miss Hoggs!" "Hoggs! well, she is to be pitied for having such a name." "So I think, Jos," rejoined Phil; "I pitied her so much that I offered her mine, and she is going to take it."

Like the Duchess of Fife, the Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, the Comtesse de Paris, Lady Dufferin, Lady Terence Blackwood, Lady Warwick and other dames and demoiselles of high degree, the Queen of Italy invariably wears a skirt when cycling.

John V. Bohannon, of Baltimore, and his family have for their home four unused street cars, which he has moved to a piece of ground in the suburbs, where he does not have to pay any rent. He bought the cars for $10 each, and he declares that they make a comfortable dwelling.

"Why have you pursued me all these years?" wearily demanded the princess of the drama. "I don't know," answered the wily miscreant, "unless it was to give you a chance to wear all your costumes." Drawing his mantle more closely about him, he nodded to the leader of the orchestra.

The ladies of one of the Manchester, N. H., churches have set an example. Cutting away from custom, they have "resolved" against church suppers and agreed to tax themselves to raise money needed, and will no longer seek it through the laborious methods of church entertainments.

Miss Eva Blantyre Simpson, the only surviving daughter of the late Sir James Simpson, intends to mark the approaching jubilee of her father's discovery of the application of chloroform for anæsthetic purposes by the issue of his biography, which may be expected in the course of the present publishing season.

A lady relating her experience at a revival meeting in Nebraska mentioned that she had discarded her diamonds, valued at $30,000, thinking it ungodly to wear them, and had left them lying on the dressing table. A criminal who happened to be present quietly left the church, and, affecting an entrance at the lady's residence, carried off the whole of her jewels.

While Frank Faber was making some repairs under a stone crusher at Devil's Lake, Wisconsin, a screw caught his clothes and began to draw him upward. He grabbed hold of a timber and held on while the screw continued to wind and did not let go until every stitch of clothing except his boots was removed from his body. He was only slightly bruised.

"Tell me," he whispered, with the hoarseness of emotion—whispered as if he feared the murmuring surf might catch the question and bear it to some other ears—"Tell me, have you ever loved?" She trembled; she hesitated for a moment, and he thought he felt her blushes glow into his eyes. She trembled, and in a still, soft whisper, gentle as the summer breeze, answered: "Not this summer."

## Masculinities.

Queen Victoria strongly objects to the spelling of the Czar's name with a "C."

In London alone 44,000 letters have, on the average, to be "returned" every week.

A St. Louisan has lost faith in doctors because shortly after being vaccinated he was bitten by a mad dog.

You can't convince a young man whose girl has said "Yes," that this country is going to wreck and ruin.

Teacher: Why didn't you ask your father how this sum was done? Johnny: 'Cause I didn't want to be sent to bed.

She: Whisky has killed more men than bullets ever did. He: Guess I'd rather be full of whisky than full of bullets.

The youth who cut open the bellows to see where the wind came from, is now trying his hand at fattening greyhounds.

De Tongue: What's the matter? You don't look well this morning. Soak: No; too many fellows drank to my health last night.

Hoax: Wigwag got a pair of black eyes last night. Joax: In a fight? Hoax: No; he married a brunette, and got the girl with them.

"One of the ironies of life," says a philosopher, "is the fact that the man who has money enough to pay as he goes can get all the credit he wants."

If you want to talk heavy science, say "protoxide of hydrogen," instead of "ice." It sounds lotter, and not one man in a thousand will know what you mean.

"I always sing to please myself," said a gentleman who was humming a tune in company. "Then you are not at all difficult to please," said a lady who sat next to him.

William Blackford, of Lisbon, Mo., is but 17 years old and is still growing. There's nothing extraordinary in all this but the fact that he already stands 6 feet 8½ inches in his stockings.

"Are you going to build a house, Mr. Snaggs?" asked little Johnny Spalding. "No, Johnny. Why do you ask that question?" "Papa says you take a brick home in your hat every night."

Dumbbells used twice or thrice a day is the best remedy for round shoulders. Such exercise is well calculated to restore a naturally tall figure, bent by following a stooping occupation, to its original erectness.

Colonel Joe Leffel, the smallest perfectly formed man in the world, has announced himself as a Republican candidate for Mayor of Springfield, O., next spring. The Colonel is only 40 inches in height, and is 33 years old.

A gentleman committed suicide the other day and left a paper stating that he did so because his wife was a great deal too good for him. The jury thought this conclusive evidence that the deceased was in an unsound state of mind.

"What have you to say? What can you say?" she asked, as he came in at 2:55 A. M. "My dear," said he, in an aggrieved tone, "you ought not to ask me any such question as that. You never hear me asking you if you are going to say anything, do you?"

If the Mikado of Japan carries out his plan of visiting Europe and the United States he will be the first Japanese Emperor who has ever been allowed to leave his country. The conservative Japanese are much opposed, however, to the scheme, and it may have to be abandoned.

"Why don't you propose to her, Joe?" "Well, I'm half afraid." "She loves you, doesn't she?" "Oh, awfully." "You agree with her father in politics?" "Yes." "And with her mother in religion?" "And with her brother as to who is the best pitcher?" "Yes." "Then blow me if I can see what you're afraid of."

A few years ago James Bonine, a Vandalia, Mich., farmer, established a small deer park for his own pleasure. He now has a park of 80 acres, containing large herds of deer and elk, the shipping of which animals to all parts of the United States and Europe has proved so profitable that he isn't worrying any more over the low price of farm products.

The still-unsatisfied longing for bicycles was strikingly illustrated in Presque Isle, Me., the other day. A man advertised in the local papers to exchange a bicycle for a buggy. When he arose the next morning he found the whole doorway filled with vehicles of all kinds, from doctor's gigs to farm wagons, brought there by the prospect of securing a bike.

It is said that the Pope of Rome is the only priest in Christendom who never preaches a sermon. Only once during the last 300 years has this rule been departed from. This was in 1847, when Pius IX. was Pope. Father Ventura, a famous orator, was to have preached at a church in Rome. A great crowd assembled to hear him, but at the appointed hour there was no priest. Presently the Pope arrived; probably he, too, had come to listen to Ventura. Taking in the situation at a glance, Pio Nono was equal to the occasion, for he preached the sermon.

## Latest Fashion Phases.

Though somewhat eccentric this season, there is no very startling change about our millinery. It falls naturally into the three classes of bonnets, toques and hats. The bonnet proper by resigning strings has lost some of its distinguishing characteristics, and approximates more and more to the toque, except in being worn further back. Very charming was a tiny toque of golden brown straw, surrounded by folds of pale yellow tulle, simply fastened on one side with a cluster of shaded flags and their foliage to match the straw. Another was entirely composed of moss roses, and had tulle strings coming from under an upstanding spray of leaves towering above the rest. Split straw in a pretty shade of willow green formed a third, which was simply trimmed with tulle and ribbon to match and a very high back aigrette. Another specimen was entirely of tiny bunches of Parma violets, with a bunch of tea roses on one side. Exceedingly small and light was one made of stiff black "crinoline" lace, pinked at the edge and bent about like flower petals. For trimming this had a cluster of roses of different shades, from which sprang some tall spear grasses. A toque, to notice had a round crown and a turned-up brim of interlaced mauve chenille and split straw. The trimming was of shaded iris veiled in tulle and a high black aigrette.

An exceedingly pretty bonnet is of a moss-green straw. The tiny crown has bands of black velvet round it, and the front is lined with ecru Venetian guipure, while a crest of black and white feathers mingled with white ospreys is smartly placed to one side. Another is of sky-blue drawn crepe, edged with a ruche of black tulle laid upon black velvet, while white ostrich tips are set round the crown. Two full white "Paradise" plumes fall in a shower to the side. Feathers are much used just now in trimming, and a full cluster of them in black and white, interspersed with ospreys formed with tail autumns of jet, the principal ornaments of a dainty little bonnet of black tulle embroidered with gold and silver. A tasteful model was of pale lilac fancy straw having a small pointed crown and a high bouquet of iris for its chief trimming, and somewhat smarter was a toque of white crinoline, covered with Bruges tulle, on which sparkled quite a shower of paste brilliants. This again had the favorite crests of white feathers and black ospreys at one side, held in place by a large buckle of diamonds and pearls. Nothing, however, struck me as more successful than a toque, as small as the previous one, to black straw raised over bunches of white roses. On the side was a white bird, almost hidden under bows of black ribbon, while a handsome mass of feathers, both black and white, was arranged behind en coche poigne.

As to hats proper, they are very flat, with wide, straight brims, and are invariably heavily trimmed with ribbons and flowers, differing, in fact, but slightly from those of last year. A very becoming example was of black tulle, with a thick ruching round the brim of the same fabric dusted with silver. Above this were quills of Chantilly lace, also sprinkled with silver, and a black aigrette fastened by a diamond clasp. Another had a brim of white lace, set in long pleats over closely drawn black tulle. The round and small crown was also veiled in lace. For trimming this had white feathers tied with black ribbons, which curved over the brim, above and below which were pompon bunches of small roses. A large hat of coarse white straw had its brim lined with the finer paille de riz.

Parasols have blossomed out more gorgeous and varied than ever this season, and materials are employed which never entered into their construction in years gone by.

Rich soft tints, rather than bright, glaring colors, are most fashionable this season, and Dresden flowered and chine patterned taffetas and brocaded silks make the most useful parasols, which in some instances match the costume. But this is not considered necessary to good style this season, as one flowered silk parasol, well chosen, is equally pretty with many different gowns.

Parasols of grass linen come in great variety, and they are extremely useful, too; one of plain batiste with an open-work insertion of embroidery a little way from the edge and a lining of pink, blue, green or violet silk is a desirable acquisition to any summer outfit. Others are more elaborate, made of all-over embroidery, outlined with brocade silk, and again they are quite plain or trimmed with a band of flowered silk. Plain parasols of "exquisite silk in delicate colors and with dainty enameled handles" are said to be the favorites of the most distinguished women in society, but the elaborate confections of lace and chiffon which spread their loveliness over so much space in the stores must have some mission among the wealthy portion of the fair sex, for no woman with a moderate allowance can sport one of these fluffy trifles which afford so little protection from the sun.

Many of the chiffon parasols this season are lined with chiffon instead of silk, and it is shirred and ruched up and down the sticks with reckless disregard of the quantity of material. Two or three ruffles trim the edge with a ruche above and around the top, and one novel design is a white silk parasol covered with white chiffon ruffles edged with narrow cream lace. Colored chiffon parasols are also fashionable, and mauve is especially pretty. Flowered gauze with a satin edge, a white ground, and made over a colored lining is another novelty in sunshades. Glace silk parasols are lined with cascades of chiffons and fringed with green leaves, and with the new fad for soft, quiet colors comes the dove colored parasol lined with pink and with a pink bow on the handle. Pink, by the way, is the most becoming lining, as it imparts a pretty glow to the complexion. Knife pleated frills of silk trim the edge of some of the shot-silk parasols.

Carved ivory, Dresden china and all sorts of natural wood handles have usurped the place of gold and silver, and added to these are enameled handles and all sorts of freak handles, with an orange, an apple or a bunch of cherries at the end, and parrots and birds of various kinds are represented.

A pretty seaside frock in white drill has a straight full skirt and short double-breasted coat, fastened with mother-of-pearl buttons. The sleeves are cut leg-of mutton shape and finished at the wrist with a straight cuff of pink cambric, edged with a narrow ruffle of the same. The blouse is of pink cambric, ornamented in the centre of the front with a box-plait, bordered on either side with a small ruffle, while a deep round collar of the cambric, edged with a ruffle of the same, falls over the white coat.

A child's out-door frock in the fashionable holland colored lawn has moderately full skirt fastening in front and mounted on a yoke of the lawn, bordered with a flounce of embroidered lawn, which is plaited over the shoulders and decorated with loops of cherry ribbon. The plain collar band has loops of the ribbon at the back and sides. The full bishop sleeves are drawn into a cuff of the embroidered lawn.

A smart dress is in pale green challis mohair. The perfectly plain skirt is gored and has five breadths, a narrow front gore, one wide side one and two back breadths. The blouse bodice is plaited and the full front turns back in stylish, broad revers, embellished with paste buttons and mock buttonholes, thus displaying a flat vest of green surah, coming from either side of which is a large collar of the surah, edged with a frill, bordered with embroidered grass lawn, being arranged so as to fall over the revers and then descend in pretty cascades to the narrow belt of surah. The draped collar, with outstanding frills, is of pale green surah. The sleeves have a large puff, extending from the shoulder to the elbow, and a tight-fitting sleeve from thence to the wrist, where it is trimmed with a soft drapery of surah.

Very chic is a lilac gingham with the skirt made straight and full, while the blouse is embellished with a white lawn vest, which is composed of a shallow yoke of horizontal tucks and a full plastron trimmed perpendicularly with Valenciennes insertion. On either side of the vest, extending from the shoulders to the waist, is a large rever of white embroidery. The belt and collar-band are of the embroidery. The full sleeves are made in the bishop style, with a cuff of embroidery.

### Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

To Devil Clams.—Chop fine twenty-five clams, season with cayenne pepper to taste. Take as much bread crumbs in quantity as you have clams, moisten with half a cupful of warm milk, into which you have poured a little clam juice, add two well-beaten eggs, and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Mix all together. Wash thoroughly a dozen and a half clam shells, grease with butter, and fill with the mixture. Range in rows in a pan and bake quickly in a hot oven.

Saratoga Potatoes.—Wash and put in ice water half a dozen potatoes, let stand for an hour. Then slice across in very thin slices, place in ice water for an hour. Have some fat boiling hot, dry the potatoes, and put them in. It will only take a minute to cook them a rich golden brown.

Chocolate Cake.—Cream one cup of butter with two cups of sugar, yolks of four eggs, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of baking powder, added with three cups of flour. Bake in layers.

Chocolate Icing.—Grate four ounces of chocolate into a saucepan and stand in a pan of boiling water over the fire until it melts. When all is melted add six tablespoonfuls of milk, four tablespoonfuls of water, two teacupfuls of sugar. Boil for five minutes and beat until cool, then add one teaspoonful of vanilla. Spread between layers and over top of cake.

Orange-colored flannel shirts are recommended for the English troops in Egypt, as yellow is a protection against the sun.

A velvet garment should always be made up so that the nap inclines upward. If done in this way it will not shade white and look shiny. Velvet that has become crushed or matted may be raised by drawing the wrong side across an upturned hot flatiron covered with a wet cloth or by holding the goods right side up over the steam from a kettle of boiling water.

A bag hanging in the kitchen to hold all the bits of string that come in on packages, each one neatly rolled up by itself, will be found very useful and save many steps, as will also a box to receive all the bags and pieces of brown paper that come to hand and may be needed later for various household affairs. A hook screwed into the wall over the kitchen table and holding a good-sized pair of scissors is another household necessity.

A handful of carpet tacks will clean fruit jars or bottles readily. Half fill the jars with hot soapsuds, put in the tacks, cover, give vigorous shaking and rinse well.

Rain water will keep the skin soft and smooth and should best be used for the face; but if it cannot be had, a handful of powdered borax dissolved in the water is the best substitute.

Put a lump of camphor in the case with the silverware when packing it away for the summer months. If this is done, the silver will be less liable to become discolored.

Have you ever tried cooking potatoes in hot lard like doughnuts? Select the smaller potatoes and peel and drop them into boiling fat. They will come to the surface when they are cooked, and should be drained on brown paper. The potatoes may be rolled in beaten eggs and bread crumbs before cooking them if desired.

The correct way to drain a wet umbrella is to stand it handle down. If put the other way the dampness remains in the centre, where all the water collects and soon rots the covering.

White spots upon tarnished furniture will disappear if a hot plate be held over them.

A raw egg swallowed immediately will generally carry a fish bone down which can not be moved from the throat by the utmost exertion and has gotten out of reach of the saving finger.

Queen of Puddings.—One pint of fine bread crumbs, one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs beaten, the grated rind of one lemon, butter the size of an egg. Bake until done. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff and beat in a cup sugar in which has been stirred the juice of the lemon. Spread on the pudding a layer of jelly or jam. Pour the whites of the eggs over this, and replace in the oven until slightly browned.

Corn Cake.—Two tablespoonfuls of baking powder, one pint of Indian meal, half a pint of flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, two eggs, one pint of milk, and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Mix the dry ingredients together and sift them, add the beaten egg to the milk stir all together. Bake twenty minutes in buttered muffin tins.

Almond Macaroons.—Pound four ounces of blanched almonds fine in a mortar, with one tablespoonful of rose water. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, and then gently stir into them half a pound of powdered sugar and the pounded almonds. Drop them by the teaspoonful upon buttered pans or on white paper, dust them lightly with powdered sugar, and bake them slowly for about twenty minutes in a rather cool oven. Almonds are blanched by letting them lie in boiling water for a few minutes until the skins rub off easily with a cloth.


# The Weak

## The Diseased

## MADE STRONG AND HEALTHY

THROUGH

## DR. RADWAY'S

## Sarsaparillian Resolvent

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life; for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, uncured and badly treated Venereal in its many forms, Glandular Diseases, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ringworm, Saltrheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the Life Principle are within the curative range of this Wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of those forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that are continually progressing, succeeds in arresting those wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain, for when once this remedy commences its work of purification and succeeds in diminishing the loss of waste its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better appetite improving and flesh and weight increasing.

### SCROFULA FROM BIRTH.

Dr. Radway: Dear Sir—It is with pleasure I take my pen in hand to inform you of the great cure effected by your medicine called Sarsaparillian Resolvent. I have a girl three years old last September who has suffered with scrofula ever since she was two years old. In fact, the doctor told us she was born with it. We had our best local doctors with her, and it seemed like all hope was gone, for they told us if the disease settled on her lungs she could not be cured. This frightful disease erupted or seized upon her lungs severely. I began to think that our little girl could not live long, our physician's medicines doing no good. In the meantime I received a copy of your me lical publication called "False and True," which you sent me. After seeing the accounts of so many cures affected by your treatments, I at once resorted to them, though I could scarcely find any in this country, but I had the luck to get one bottle, and by the time she used it all she was most well. The ulcers that were making their appearance on her body are entirely gone, her lungs almost healed, or at least she has almost quit coughing. She has begun on second bottle and I believe by the time she uses all of it she will be well. She had a very bad cough. If I could have secured this treatment in time I could have saved money by it, but it is a hard matter to get hold of it in this country. I am yours with respect,

SAMUEL S BARKER,
Flat Top, Mercer Co., W. Va.

### FEMALE COMPLAINT.

Mrs. B——, from a continual drain on her system, wasted away from 165 pounds to 75 pounds in the course of 14 months. She had used barks, iron, sulphuric acid, quinine and many of the much vaunted nostrums of the day, as well as all kinds of injections, and still grew worse. She commenced the use of RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. In one month she gained in weight 10 pounds. Day after day she witnessed an increase of flesh and decrease of waste of Leucorrhea. In two months she was entirely cured of the Leucorrhea, and in six months had gained FIFTY POUNDS IN WEIGHT. She is now in the possession of health and beauty. Let all sick ladies take the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

### SKIN DISEASES. HUMORS AND SORES

There is no remedy that will cure the sufferer of Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, Erysipelas, St. Anthony's Fire, Tetters, Rash, Pimples, Blotches, Prickly Heat, Aches and Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Humors of all kinds, so quick as the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. Let it be tried.

### THE MOST ECONOMICAL! THE BEST!

One bottle contains more of the active principle of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in teaspoonful doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price $1.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm Street, New York, for Book of Advice.

# Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

That fine publication "Music," in its June issue contains a number of articles which every lover of the divine art will find it of special interest and value to read. The article on "Music in American Universities" this month treats of Yale. Published at Chicago.

"A Woman With a Future," by Mrs. Andrew Dean is a remarkably interesting novel of contemporary life and character. It derives its title from the woman in the case deserting her husband for a lover, her future being left to conjecture. It is a very effective and powerful story. Published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York. For sale by Wanamaker.

# Very Wrong.

BY E. A. W.

ESTHER was very late. The clock in the church tower opposite had sputtered eleven strokes in the frosty air, and still Esther did not come. Nor did Martin Howard, who had promised to look in for a smoke on his way home. Esther was staying with me.

It is one of my principles that relatives should never stay in the same house. But Esther, becoming more prosperous, was moving into a more commodious flat, and was spending the interregnum of carpenters, whitewashers and paper hangers with me.

The clock had struck the quarter past before I heard a cab drive up to the door. In a minute or so Esther's steps sounded on the stairs—an agitated footstep, as of one who has something to say in a hurry, and Esther herself appeared.

"Oh! I've had such a fright," she said breathlessly.

"Really! Dear me!" I said. "What was it?"

Esther laid her sketch book on the table and threw off her cape.

"A man," she said, and stood looking at me.

"Come, it might have been worse," I said. "It might have been a cow, or an earthquake." Esther unskewered her hat and sat down.

"But he—followed me," she said impressively.

"He didn't catch you?" I inquired.

"Don't be silly," Esther replied. "I tell you he followed me. I'll never think of walking home so late again—alone."

"Why did you to-night?" I asked.

"Well, you know, I had to do those sketches at the dress rehearsal, and I couldn't get away until 10:30. Then I could only get a bus to Oxford Circus. And then I waited, and every bus was crowded, and I felt horrid waiting there. So I determined to walk. And as soon as I got out of the crowded part, I found there was a man following me."

"Close?"

"No, not very, but——"

"How did you know? Did you look around?"

"Of course I didn't. But a girl can tell when any one is following her."

"She can tell a policeman," I suggested. Esther reflected a moment, as she drew off her gloves.

"Yes, of course," she said. "But the poor man wasn't really doing any harm, you know. So there was nothing to tell—really."

"Then why disturb yourself about him?"

"Oh, you can't understand how a girl feels," said Esther, looking a little annoyed.

"But," I said, after a pause, "I thought you came home in a cab."

"From the Marble Arch," said Esther. "I couldn't endure it any longer. I walked as fast as I could, and he walked just as fast. When I walked slowly to let him pass, he walked slowly, too. Twice I crossed to the other side of the street. And—would you believe it—he crossed, too." Esther leaned forward in her chair to note the effect. I signified astonishment with my eyebrows in the usual way.

"And," she continued, "when I was nearly at the Marble Arch, I could feel him coming up behind me—quite near. I simply had to take a cab."

"It was a close shave," I said—"very close shave, indeed." Esther looked at me rather doubtfully.

"But—do you think he meant to do anything?" she asked.

"Well," I said, "I can hardly say, without knowing his previous career. Of course, he might have been a highwayman; and, on the other hand—Hullo, Martin! Come in."

"I beg your pardon," said Martin, halting in the doorway; "I thought you were alone."

"All right," I said, "I was expecting you. You know my sister. We were just discussing the possibility——"

"George, don't," said Esther under her breath. "—the possibility," I continued, "of assault and battery and highway robbery upon an unattended young woman in Oxford street. What do you think about it?"

"That's rather curious," said Martin, sitting down. "Only this evening I have been—in a sense—protecting a female in distress. I was confronted by a problem, and I should like your opinion on it, Miss Matthews."

Martin looked at Esther, who turned slightly in her chair with an obviously assumed air of interest. I can never understand why Esther does not like Martin, though I am quite certain she doesn't.

"I spotted her," said Martin, "hurrying along Oxford street just in front of me. She was a lady, and I could see she was very uncomfortable at being out so late alone.

"It really distressed me to see her edging into the road to make way for polite and inoffensive people. When she heard a couple of men come along singing, she almost ran, and then almost stood still to let them get in front of her. Now there was a problem for me."

"I don't see that there was any problem at all," said Esther, turning her face a little more toward the fire away from Martin.

"Here was a girl," said Martin, "who was frightened though there was really nothing to be afraid of—so frightened that she was running backward and forward across the road whenever she saw anyone within thirty yards. Doubtless she was a silly little goose. But she was a fellow creature. And as I was going in the same direction it was my obvious duty to assure her of safety. The problem was—how to assure her. "I may smoke, mayn't I?" Martin lit a cigar, and continued: "My first idea was to follow her until I saw her safely at home. But then it struck me that she wouldn't know I was behind, and so I should be doing her no good at all and giving myself a lot of trouble."

"You might," I suggested, "have called a cab and offered to give her a lift." Martin shook his head.

"No," said he, "that would never do. Do you think so, Miss Matthews?"

"I really don't know anything about it," said Esther.

"Well," said Martin, "this was my solution. I determined to address her respectfully—tell her I had noticed her embarrassment—assure her I was respectable—lived in a house and served on juries and all that—and offer to walk a dozen yards behind her until she reached her front door and then leave her without speaking. What do you think of that?"

"You didn't do it?" I said.

"No," said Martin. "Just as I had nearly overtaken her a lot of rowdy men came along, and she jumped into a cab. So I didn't bother myself any further."

"What did she look like?" asked Esther with her face still turned toward the fire.

"Oh, like a girl," said Martin, "just an ordinary girl—with one of those silly capes that girls wear."

"Anything like this?" I asked, picking up Esther's cape.

Martin looked at the cape—at Esther whose face looked very red in the firelight—at the sketch book on the table, and then at Esther again.

"I will say good night," said Esther rising.

"Oh, but——" stammered Martin, "you're not——"

"It was nice of you," said Esther, "you gave me a dreadful fright."

"But, my dear Miss Matthews, I was only anxious to do you a service."

"It is not pleasant," said Esther, "to be followed by a strange man."

"But I'm not a stranger," said Martin, "I've known you ever since you were—I mean since you were quite young."

"But I didn't know it was you. How could I? You should have come and told me."

"You see, I didn't know it was you."

"You ought to have known," said Esther. "And," she continued, after a moment's pause, "if you didn't know, it was very wrong of you to follow me—very wrong, indeed."

Esther gathered up her hat, cape, gloves and sketch book, and left the room. Martin and I looked at each other.

"I say, old man," he said, "you don't imagine for a moment——"

"Plain or with soda?" I inquired.

## GAMES OF CONFIDENCE.

THE man who deliberately steals a ham sandwich or a pair of cork-soled shoes may be driven to crime by starvation or sloppy weather. But the other fellow, who travels about the country fleecing folks by means of sharp schemes of his own clever concoction, is in business because he likes it.

He would rather euchre a farmer out of ten large silver dollars than to find a $100 bill by the roadside, not because he is such an ardent silverite, but for the reason that he likes to feel that he is shrewd instead of lucky.

Every month brings to light an entirely new line of roguery. The rascal himself is rarely caught; a fact that need cast no discredit upon the police, for the victims of the smoothest schemes do not often report the matter to the authorities.

They prefer to suffer in silence, rather than own up to having been ingloriously "worked." Old tricks are being continually brought out in new togs.

The fashions in swindling appear to change with the seasons. Witness the ancient and dishonorable practice of getting the farmer to sign something which eventually proves to be a promissory note of pleasing figure.

This season it is being accomplished by means of a double fountain pen, one end of which is filled with good ink, the other with ink that fades away in a day or two. The sharper's plan is to call on farmers or others and make a bargain so advantageous to the party approached that he will readily agree to it. The contract or agreement is then written with ink that fades. The victim supposes that he signs it with the same pen and ink, but the swindler knows better.

The penholder has simply been turned "upside down," and another pen, loaded with an excellent quality of ink, has been called into action. In a few days there is the signature at the bottom of a blank piece of paper, on which any kind of a note can be written. The much-maligned fountain pen now seems likely to be the innocent cause of more profanity than ever.

All through the winter and spring months a fellow of plausible speech and winning way has been paying marked attention to the farmers of Iowa. He proposed to give music lessons, and wished to find a place where he could put his piano. It was no trouble at all to find a good citizen who would accommodate him.

Another man delivered the piano at the farmer's house, taking a receipt for it. In each case it has proved to be one of those ingenious receipts, the end of which can be cut off, leaving a note for $480. The note, of course, soon gets into the hands of an innocent purchaser and turns up at the bank, large as life.

Another new variety of the note swindle is being extensively practised in several Western States. A farmer is induced to buy a bill of groceries from a traveling salesman, the goods to be shipped from some large city. In payment the man agrees to take eggs.

To make it all straight and right the farmer gives his note for the goods and the traveling man gives his for the eggs. The groceries fail to arrive and the salesman never comes back, but the farmer's note does.

The oily-tongued bunco man seems to have started out to work in the interest of "sound money." His victims are chiefly farmers and rural storekeepers, though he would doubtless fleece town merchants if the police were farther away.

The rascal claims to be a United States Treasury detective looking for counterfeit coin. He asks to have silver dollars submitted to him for inspection. Upon these coins he puts a chemical solution that turns them black.

Then he impressively declares the dollars spurious and takes them with him "to Washington," while warning the innocent storekeeper to be silent unless desirous of being arrested for having counterfeit money in his possession. A good day's work will net the bunco man from $25 to $50, and his running expenses are comparatively light.

The fruit tree swindler has added a new department to his business, and has lately been doing very well in the Gulf States. He exhibited what, to all appearances, were some elegant japonica plants.

Some of the plants were in bud, and looked tempting enough to people who doted on that sort of lawn embellishment. Those who purchased them set them out at once, and though at first the plants appeared fresh and lively, in a few days they began to show signs of decay.

A cursory examination of the bush failed to disclose any cause for the sudden decline, and it was only when an autopsy of the dead plant was held that the rascality was revealed.

It was found that while the top was truly a cutting from a japonica bush, the root was of an entirely different plant.

It was, in fact, the root of a gallberry bush, cut so neatly joined to the other as to defy any but the closest scrutiny to detect it. The two had been joined by the use of a dowell pin of wire, the size of the gallberry conforming to that of the japonica.

Think not that cunning plans are devised solely for practice upon trusting grangers and village storekeepers. There are lots of schemes calculated to make sad the heart of the city merchant.

One of the most successful in recent operation was worked by a woman who stands at least queen high in her profession. She flourished in the last sealskin season, and visited no less than five cities. That many have been heard from.

Her method was to deposit $2,000 in a bank as the first step. Then she drove to the establishment of a leading furrier, and selected a seal sacque worth $300. In payment she tendered a check for $1,000. The saleswoman took it to the proprietor, who discreetly dispatched a messenger to the bank to make sure everything was all right.

The messenger returned with the information that the check was good, but the customer had become so indignant at the proceeding that she demanded the return of the check, would accept no apologies, and drove away, leaving the cautious furrier to hold the sack.

Presently she returned and said she had allowed her temper to overcome her, and ordered the garment wrapped up. She was given $700 in change, and went her way rejoicing.

A second visit to the bank disclosed the interesting fact that the indignant lady had gone to the bank when she went out to cool off and had withdrawn her $2,000, leaving the $1,000 check without any value, except as a souvenir.

ENGLISH TAXES.—There are inhabited house duties, income tax, land tax, probate tax, legacy duty, succession duty, birth and death certificates, marriage licenses, licenses for certain businesses and duties on certain manufactures.

Locomotion is taxed—carriages, cabs and omnibuses all requiring licenses—and even the trains pay a railway duty on first and second class passengers. In the matter of liquids, beer and spirits incur both duties and licenses, wine, tea, and coffee pay a customs duty, and for the water there is the rate. Dried fruits are subject to customs dues.

Licenses are required for the use of armorial bearings on carriages, plate, jewelry, and note paper; for the sale of patent medicines and keeping male servants—Susan, in her neat cap and apron, however, is duty free, "for which relief, much thanks," as Hamlet says. Dogs, little and big, we all know, are taxed.

Tobacco is doubly taxed, there being a manufacturing duty and a retail license. The venders of jewelry containing a certain portion of the precious metals, must be armed with a gold or silver plate license.

One must not shoot game or sell it without a special license, and to blaze away at the humble sparrow entails a gun tax.

An endeavor to "lighten our darkness" involves the gas rate.

Uncle who receives a family plate or jewelry in pledge has to be provided with both pawnbroker's and plate certificates.

The clergy are entitled to certain fees for the burial of their parishioners. When the burial is in a cemetery, the chaplain attached to it performs the service. After paying his salary, the established ministers collect the balance of the fees for themselves, thus levying a tax on every corpse in their parishes.

Thus the poor man is hemmed in on all sides by taxation. Birth, marriage, death, food, habitation—all make separate revenue demands upon him.

IF we would only try to be pleased with our present circumstances, how much more true happiness would flow from such an effort than from constantly striving after changing conditions, with problematic results!

# Humorous.

If you your lips
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.
—P. L.

Footmen—Chiropodists.

Here to stay—The corset.

Doing time—The watch repairer.

Big embrace for a sailor—Hugging the shore.

Forced politeness—Bowing to circumstances.

You can drive a pen, but a pencil must be lead.

What is both food for the body and for the mind?—Bacon.

It has been ascertained that the man who "held on to the last" was a shoemaker.

The English language is full of inconsistencies. The glee club is often a painful affair.

"I'm particularly uneasy on this point," as the fly said when the boy stuck him on the end of a needle.

Blobbs: Hello, Slobbs. Where are you working now?

Slobbs: Ain't working anywhere. I've got a Government position.

Bertie D'Gote: When old Goldbag married Flo, why did she say she was only twenty four?

Sylva: Well, you see, she made a discount for cash.

Lawyer: What is your gross income?

Witness: I have no gross income.

Lawyer: No income at all?

Witness: No gross income; I have net income. I am in the fish business.

"I've got an elephant on my hands," remarked the landlady; "Mr. Skinner won't pay his board."

"Why don't you seize his trunk?" suggested the star boarder.

It was midnight. "What was that noise?" he asked, tremulously.

She turned pale.

"I think it must have been papa dropping a hint," she replied.

Bingo: What in thunder did you do with the piece of blotting paper I had?

Mrs. Bingo: There it is, right under your nose.

Bingo: Just like you, to put a thing where a man would never think to look for it.

Mamma, to Walter, who has just returned from his first experience with a fishing-rod: What, back so soon?

Walter: Yes'm; I thought I'd come home. The worms were so nervous I couldn't get 'in on the hooks.

An Irishman, meeting another, asked what had become of their old acquaintance, Patrick Murphy. "Arrah, now, dear honey," answered the other, "poor Pat was condemned to be hanged, but he saved his life by dying in prison."

Blobbs: I understand your friend, Heavyweight, is quite an athlete and gives performances of his strength.

Slobbs: Yes; and would you believe it, while he has been known to lift 500 pounds he can't support his wife, who only weighs 90.

Merchant: You say you are an orphan?

Applicant for position: Yes; I haven't a living relative.

Merchant: Well, I'll take you. I ought to get a lot of work out of you during the baseball season.

Birdie Mellenipin: There is something very weird and mysterious about the midnight hour.

McGinnis: Yes. I have noticed that if you wake up in the night an uncertain feeling comes over you. You ain't sure whether it is yesterday or to-morrow.

Baby has been forbidden to ask for dessert. The other day they forgot to serve him, and as baby is very obedient, he remained silent, although much affected.

"Josephine," said the father, "pass me a plate."

"Won't you have mine, papa?" cried baby; "it is very clean."

Fuddy: So you think Foosler an ox cordially bashful man?

Duddy: Eminently so. Why, the other day he took a bicycle lesson in the presence of some young ladies and he absolutely changed color.

Fuddy: Indeed!

Duddy: Yes; he was green when he began but before he had finished he was all black and blue.

A very good story was told at a dinner of lawyers and divines, the other day, after a college commencement. A reverend gentleman remarked that when he made a trivial error he never stopped to correct it. Therefore, when he said that "the devil was the father of lawyers," instead of liars, he let it go as unimportant. The judge who sat next him said:

"Yes, the devil was sometimes very necessary to lawyers, but that he was absolutely indispensable to the clergy, and that this was no trivial error, but a truism."

## IN HOLLAND.

In Holland an architect must be a hydraulician, and the contract for building has a safety clause allowing extra price for each pile in excess of the stipulated number. All the houses of Amsterdam rest on piles.

Of course, these piles never reach solid ground, and at any time they may conclude to go deeper. This causes the houses in time to lean, and unfortunately they do not all take the same direction. There seems to be a sort of architectural jamboree, and in looking down one of the old streets, one is startled at the angles which the house fronts make with the vertical.

Some lean forward as if impatient to start in a race across the city; others rear backward like an unwilling criminal dragged to justice; some lean together like conspirators, while others show an inclination to separate from one another as though they were school girls fresh from a quarrel.

A stranger's first impulse is to exclaim "Surely these houses will some day fall." The Hollanders will promptly answer: "But they never do."

The heavy material—tile—used for covering the houses makes it necessary to have steep roofs, hence, in order not to waste valuable space in high attics, the roofs all extend in the direction of the length of the house, placing the gable on the front and the rear.

Projecting from the comb of practically every front gable there is a covered beam carrying a heavy hook, on which a pulley can be hung. This is of great value in moving furniture into or out of the upper stories of a house.

In the strict sense of the word "flats" are not common in Holland, but in the larger cities the majority of the houses are four storied and accommodate two families, one occupying the two lower floors and the other the two upper.

Thus it is that all of these houses have two front doors, one opening directly in a hallway attached to the lower apartment, while the other is at the bottom of a stairway whose upper end is the hall of the apartment two stories up. This upper house is called "Bovenhuis," from "boven" above.

The long stairway referred to makes moving a difficult task if every piece of furniture is carried up. But by having a wide window in the center of the house for each story, every article that is hoisted up, with the aid of the pulley just referred to, can be taken in through the window.

This then obviates the necessity of having wide, easy stairs, and since they would require so much space, narrow, steep stairs are the rule.

Frequently this doubling up of families in a single house is a great inconvenience. Every morning all the loose rags in a house must be taken up.

For this service two strong girls are needed, hence if a family keeps only one servant, it arranges with the co family for co-operative shaking.

The intimacy between the two families may be very slight, but they will always be ready to unite against their common foe, dirt. This carpet shaking is done on the sidewalk, and the work furnishes quite a pleasing sight.

In fact, nearly every outdoor occupation in which the Dutch girls are engaged furnishes an agreeable spectacle. These prim girls are dressed in striped ginghams, and wear dainty lace caps.

They look as though they were members of some great army whose uniform is fixed and invariable. It is true that there is an option in the kind of stripes selected, and the shape of the cap may differ—so does the uniform of the various branches of an army.

In Holland one notices a fondness for uniform. The postman, of course, is uniformed; then, too, the policeman and the fireman, who always carries a coil of rope for emergencies, but odder than all is the dress of the hired mourners.

As in everything else, funerals are classified, the classes being distinguished by the hour of interment and the number of hired attendants.

Sometimes as many as twenty of these solemn faced, black dressed and silver-corded men may be seen walking beside the hearse or following it two abreast, while behind each accompanying carriage one rides as footman. After burial these men distribute to such acquaintances of the deceased as may live in the city notices of the demise.

DO FISH TALK.—An ingenious inquirer, armed with a microphone, or sound magnifier, has been listening patiently through long hours to the curious noises made by house flies, and reports his belief that they have a language of their own.

The language does not consist of the buzzing sound we ordinarily hear, which is made by the rapid vibrations of their wings in the air, but of a smaller, finer, and more widely modulated series of sounds, audible to the human ear only by the aid of the microphone.

Probably this fly conversation is perfectly audible to the fly ears, which, as every schoolboy knows, who has tried to move his hand slowly upon them, are very acute.

The hope is expressed that, since the heretofore inaudible whispers of flies have been detected are recorded, some inventor may construct a microphone which will enable us to make out the language of the microbes, and so surprise them in the horrible secret of their mode of operations.


RIPANS TABULES REGULATE THE STOMACH LIVER AND BOWELS AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

RIPANS TABULES are the best Medicine known for Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Dizziness, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Ripans Tabules are pleasant to take, safe, effectual, and give immediate relief. Sold by druggists.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED Without fail. Send for circulars and testimonials. THE HOMO CHEMICAL WORKS, LIMA, OHIO.

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Inventors of the CELEBRATED GO SAMKE VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Fringes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 25, '95. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, (1 Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was easy restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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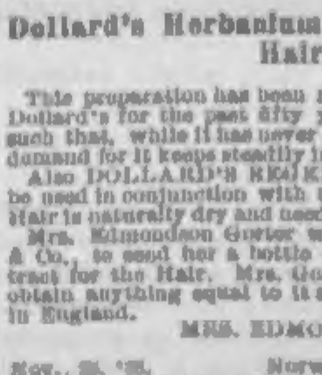
GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING. None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

:-: LINCOLN PARK :-:



Chicago Marine Band

C. P. BROOKE, Cond'r

Concerts To-day 2 and 7.15 p. m.

A Whole Show Given in THE VITASCOPE. ALLEN and LINGARD, Character Artistes.

THE LARGEST AND MOST NOVEL SHOOT THE CHUTE.

PASSENGERS LANDED IN THE PARK

Thus avoiding annoying and dangerous transfers.

No Advance in Fare. Round Trip 25c.

CHILDREN FREE.

Boats leave Race and Christian Sts. Wharves every hour. Sunday every 45 minutes.

In Preparation—Pain's Pyro-Spectacle Production, CARNIVAL OF VENICE.


## Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinder

On and after May 17, 1896.

Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express, Parlor and Dining Car, Black Diamond Express, For Buffalo, (Parlor Car) Buffalo and Chicago Exp. Sleeping Cars, } daily 9.00 a m; Week-days, 12.30 p m; daily, 6.34 p m, 9.45 p m.

Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 1.05 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.

Lock Haven, Clearfield and Bellefonte Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.30, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.00 a m, 12.45, (dining car), 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 4.02, 5.00, 6.10, 7.30, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—8.10, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 (dining car) a m, 1.30, 3.30, 9.10, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 7.59, 10.05, 10.37, 11.06, a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 3.06, 4.10, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 10.32, a m, 12.06 (dining car), 4.10, 6.12, 8.10, (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 8.45 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.00 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on all night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a m, 12.30, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.34, 8.45 p m. Sundays—6.24, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.15, 4.20, 6.34, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 5.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.25, 7.45, 11.00 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.55, 7.20 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 4.15, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.34 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.30, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.55, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 4.15 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.34 p m. Accom., 4.30 a m, 1.42, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 p m. Accom., 4.15.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, Saturdays only 2.30, 4.05, 6.34, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.30, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom 6.34 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, Week-days, 6.34 p m. Accom., 4.30 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, 10.05 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 2.00), 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 5.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.30, 9.00 a m, 2.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.30, 8.15 a m, 4.32 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.30, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 9.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY.

Week-days, 9.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m.

Leave Cape May, week-days, 7.35 a m, 3.40 p m. Sundays, 3.40 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner Broad and Chestnut streets, 839 Chestnut street, 999 Chestnut street, 999 S. Third street, 2962 Market street and at stations.

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